

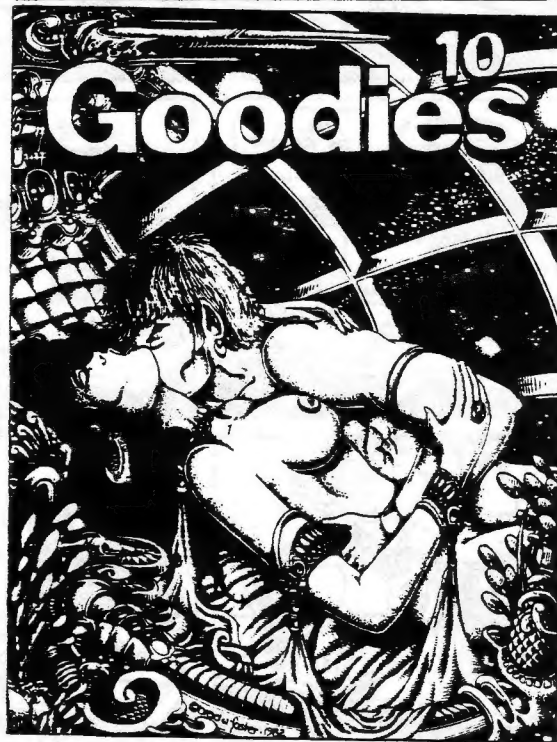


READ THIS! in 1984, I will do COMIX WORLD only when I have sufficient material to justify the time and expense, so you will get only one newsletter some months and it will have COMIX WAVE on it. This won't effect your sub at all, since I go by the number of issues whichever logo is on them. You'll continue to get all the news there is re ugs. LETTERS: Here are some of the problems I have with letters from readers. Too long to print. A few times, I have excerpted, then people complain that I'm editing their content, so I don't run any of it. TOO TRIVIAL to run. I don't share your bummers with others. GREAT STUFF and I'd love to print it, but you say on the letter that it's not for publication. I usually get the wittiest and funniest letters addressed to me personally. Wish you would share it with the other newavers but that's up to you.



COMIX WAVE 11. February, 1984. ©Clay Geerdes, Box 7081, Berkeley, CA 94707. All Rights Reserved. Logo by Kevin B. Eastman, whose stories appear in BAD GIRL ART and COMIX WAVE. Subs: \$6 for 24 in U.S.A. Plugs: two copies of your zine. If you want me to print the cover, send a 2x2 stat of it. I run what I have room for and I think most highly of those who advertise once in awhile to help with the expenses.* GOODIES 10 is \$1.25 from Brad Foster, 4109 Pleasant Run, Irving, TX 75062. A sub is \$3 for 6 issues.* OUTSIDE IN 10 is 50 cents from Steve Willis.* CITY LIMITS GAZETTE 9 interviews Gary "The Far Side" Larson. \$1.25 from Bruce Chrislip, 3914 2nd Ave NE #1, Seattle, WA 98105. GRAPH PAPER COMIX 2 is 25/stamp from Tracy Thore, 3200 Jackson Farm Road, Hopewell, VA 23860.* There are 7 issues of Peter Dako's CASUAL CASUAL COMICS (DZ) so \$4.50 will probably get you all of them postpaid. 536 Richmond St. West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5V 1Y4.* CAPT SAUCER 6 and 7 run \$2.04 each pp from Doug Holverson, R R 1, Soldier, IA 51572.* Leonard Rifas tells me Vic Lockman has a lot of minis. Send a buck for some samples, POB 7268, Tyler, TX 75711.* Artie Romero has done a mini called STICK CITY. 5 different covers. 50/stamp. 1224 N Weber St., Basement Apartment, Colo Springs, Colo 80903. The first COMIX WAVE minis of 1984 will be EMPTY WORDS and BABYFAT 40 (50/stamp each) and 2 four-pagers, MY HERO and WEIRD CONFESSIONS. MY HERO was Garry Hardman's idea and has two nice pages by him. His work also appears in BABYFAT. BABYFAT 41 will feature the work of Susan Catherine. I can use material for the next BAD GIRL ART and for COMIX WAVE mag (stories only, no single panels).* We produced more than a mini-comic a week at COMIX WAVE in '83 with work by artists too numerous to note. New people on the scene were Jim Williams, Kevin B. Eastman, Jim Thompson, Randy Clark, and Jim Waltman. Macedonio Garcia got out in June (he was doing the prison series, TALES FROM THE INSIDE) and I haven't heard from him since, so, no, there will be no more TALES. Tom Christopher joined us; did some nice work in AMERICAN SPLEEN and FRONTPAGE COMICS. Top producers were Par Holman, David Miller, John Howard, Kevin B. Eastman, and Jim Williams. Jane Oliver continued her series, PAGAN and VAMPIRE VIGNETTES and DANCE OF DEATH. Clark Dissmeyer dropped out of sight. Last I heard, he was into classical piano instead of art. Parsonavich has STONER MAN up to #9, and Don Chin and his gang are into COMICS REVIEW, a strip mag which looks nice. Eric Vincent and Brad Foster into illustrating books.

Many people get uptight when they think a lot of people will be reading their stuff. Too bad. Have more confidence in yourself. FACT IS, I have very little room, so I can't use it for letters. If you think something about some of the zines mentioned in this publication it's best to write to the artist, not me.* Think before you draw and think a lot more before you publish your art for everyone to see. People may not tell you to your face that you're not ready for print, but they will think it and say it to others. A thinking cartoonist puts as much work into art for a newave as he would put into that for a more expensive pub. It's your rep. Remember that. C.G.



LAST AD!
...FOR NOW...

ALL BOOKS
AUTOGRAPHED!!

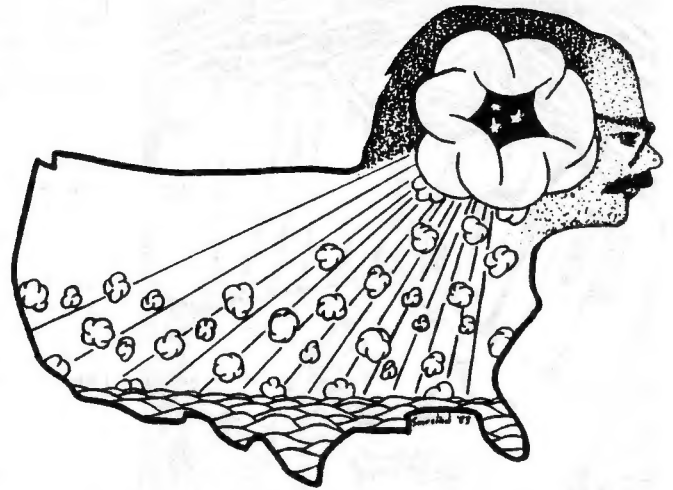
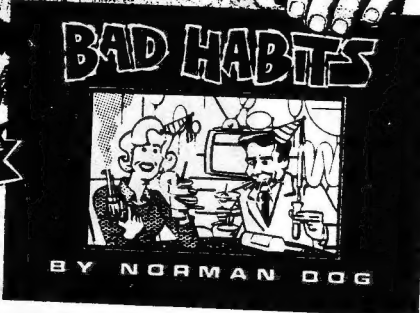
PUT A DOG
IN YOUR MANGER!!

TORN
FROM THE
PAGES OF THE
EAST BAY
EXPRESS!!

\$5.00!

INCLUDES POSTAGE AND TAXI

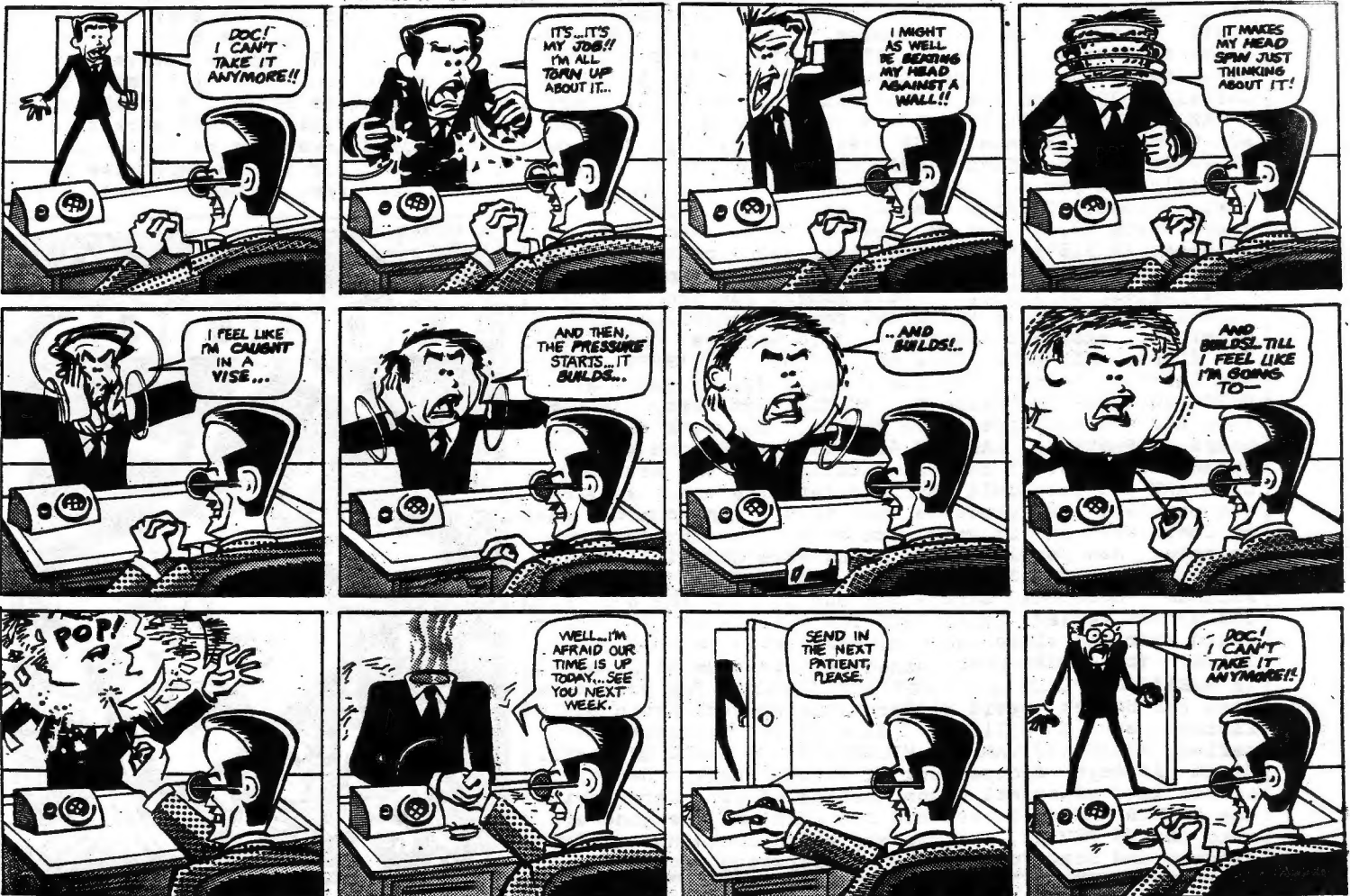
MAKE CHECK OR MONEY ORDER PAYABLE
TO DOSCO AND MAIL TO: DOSCO
c/o THE EAST BAY EXPRESS, P.O. BOX
3148 BERKELEY, CA. 94703. ALLOW
3 OR 4 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY.



First Strike?



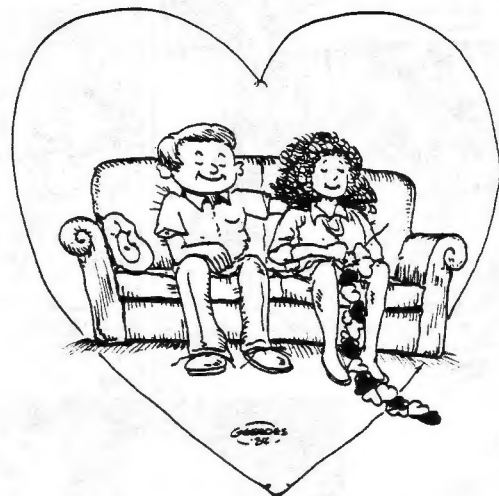
BAD HABITS is a good one. Get it. Dog is one of the most innovative cartoonists of the 80s. He's weekly in EAST BAY EXPRESS.* Top right: OUTSIDE IN 9. 50/stamp from Steve Willis, 385 1/2 Irving, Pullman, WA 99163.* FIRST STRIKE is by Leonard Rifas. 60 cents PP. Educomics, Box 40246, San Francisco, CA 94140. GET 'EM!





COMIX WAVE 12. March, 1984. © Clay Geerdes, Box 7081 Berkeley, CA 94707. All Rights Reserved. \$11/2 years.
 HMM! 3, VISION 1, BABYFAT 41--50¢/stamp.
 COMIX WAVE MAG 16 (Zahia, Miller & Susan Catherine) \$1.54 pp from CW.* ZOOMORPHIA/\$1.54 from Steve Scharff, Box 5004, Hillside, NJ 07205.* BUG OUT! 75¢/stamp from Jim Ryan, 102 S. Lake Ave, Albany N Y 12208.* CEREBUS up to #58. JOURNEY 6.* CW logo by Jim Wms.* MINI HA HA 3 25¢/st. Dave Patterson, 12414 Foxridge, Houston, TX 77037.* "N Now..Paper" 50¢/st from Pete Silvia, 84 Tremont Ave, Newark, NJ 07106.* MILK OF MAGNETO/\$2pp, Doug Holverson, RR 1 Soldier, IA 51572.* ALIENS, a micro/50¢/stamp, Jacques Boivin, 4531 Bordeaux, Montreal, Canada H2h 1Z9.* A Berkeley Con in Pauley Ballroom, Feb 26 with ug guests. Free. Info from Bob Beerbohm: 644-3478.*

C.G.



CEREBUS 58.

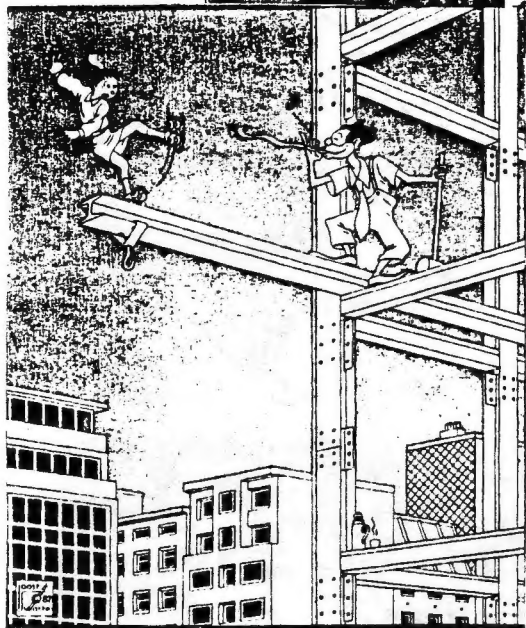




EL VIBORA SPECIAL



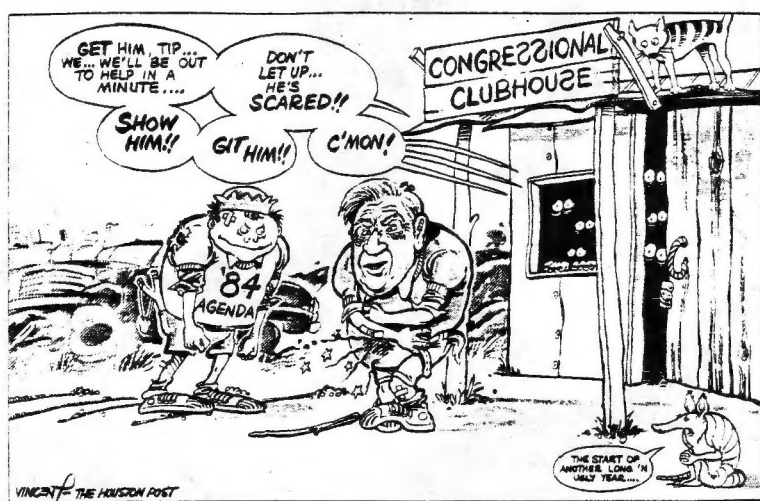
YUMMY FUR 1-4 \$1.54 PP.
22 ALBANY AVE -
TORONTO, ONT., CANADA
MSR 3C3



ERIC VINCENT
DID SOME
EDITORIAL
PANELS FOR
THE HOUSTON
POST



GET A COPY \$500
PLAZA BENEFIS 3, BARCELONA SPAIN.

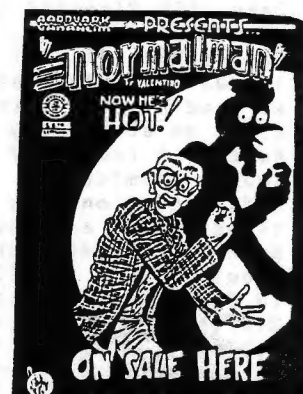




COMIX WAVE 13. March 15, 1984. © Clay Geerdes, Box 7081, Berkeley, CA 94707. All Rights Reserved. Another issue dedicated to Laurel & Hardy. Logo by David Miller, creator of Bob Goblin, whose latest misadventure appears in COMIX WAVE MAG 16.* Okay, since John Howard and Steve Willis and other great newavers are going to San Diego for the Con this year, I'll go, too. See you all there June 28-July 2 (Con Hotel is the San Diego, but the town has a lot of good motels. Avoid anything near the airport unless you dig jet noise all night. Drawings or writing for the con book go to Jackie Estrada, POB 17066, San Diego, CA 92117.* FUTURE FOLLIES is B. A. Sprinkle's first mini for CW, 50/st.* NORMALMAN marches on. See the latest issue at your local comic book store. See Valentino in San Diego at the Con.* NON is a nice 28 page dz from Xex Graphix, PO Box 240611, Memphis, TN 38124. For those who liked Wolverton. This one really impressed me.* I don't know why CHAINSAW MASSACRE is such a cult flick. The plot is lousy and after the first few scenes all of the characters fall apart.* Greg Doud, 1000 8th #A 714, Seattle, WA 98104, did DOWNTOWN MINI-COMICS and gave it away in said city. He may have a few. Send him a buck to cover post and handling. 5x8".* INSIDE JOKE 28 is a parody of Murdoch. My piece is not parody, so I get a slap on the wrist, but I wasn't in the mood. TELEGRAPH WIRE for April will be a parody issue, too. If I get in the mood, I'll do a CW parody column for that one. Deal with the critical questions of our time like Can Clayton Farlow handle a unimastic oil Baron's widow? Will Joan Collins go pink for a HUSTLER centerfold? Did Mia Farrow really base her recent character in BROADWAY DANNY ROSE on Didi Glitz? Has the ghost of Rory Hayes been rearranging the teddy bears in Macy's in San Francisco? Hey, watch for THE COMPLETE SACKER by John Howard later this year. Sacker tales have run in COMIX WAVE MAG and in BAD GIRL ART.* CLEAN DICK 1 is 25/37 stamp from Mark Smith, 2604 East 109th Ave, Tampa, FLA 33612.* CITY LIMITS GAZETTE 10 is \$1.25/54 stamp from Bruce Chrislip, 3914 2nd Ave NE #1, Seattle, WA 98105. Lead article on the art of Joe Zabel.* REVEREND BLOOD and PIZZ PORN, 75 each from Pizz Pubs, 369 Pixly, Orange, CA 92666.

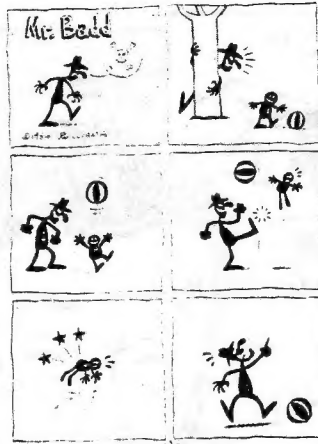
COMMENT/Tom Christopher: "Even ugs get overly categorized, re: your statement that 'Crumb will get his humor back.' I wasn't aware he'd lost it. His current work isn't like his 1967 stuff, but anyone who hasn't developed artistically in that time shouldn't be drawing. Yes? I see just as much humor in Mid Life Crisis, Crumb Remembers the 60s, or Life W/Women (new ZAP) as I did in Whiteman Meets Bigfoot or early ZAP HEAD, Etc. Just different, thas' all...really, now, in an almost 100 year history of cartooning, Crumb is one of a few real creators. He could be fat with a regular underage blow job at Playboy or Disney but he stuck to his own eccentric vision, bless 'im, and I'm still amazed w/his stuff."* Robert Williams having a show, FOR LOVE OR MONEY at 2624 West 7th Street (L. A., I guess, not on the flyer), Feb 14-Mar 10. Info 213-382-7723.* EL VIBORA going strong in Spain. \$5 for a copy from Plaza Beatas 3, Barcelona, SPAIN (J. V. Berenguer). See the four panels at the bottom on page 2 of this issue.* Two from Robert Stamp: MIXED NUTS 1 (\$1 pp), and UGLY MAN 2 (25/st), 3410 Norton St., Hopewell, VA 23860.* NOTE ON PLUGS: I plug comix in this newsletter when I get two copies and the information. Your address should always be in the comic, because I sometimes lose the letter that came along. Say it your way. Advertise.

-CLAY GEERDES





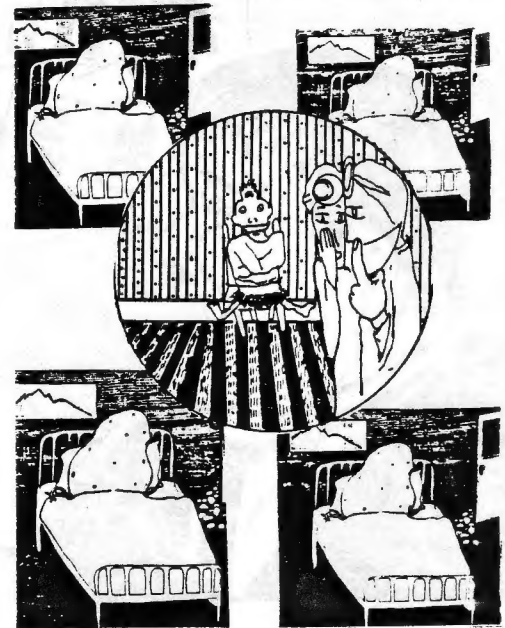
PARSONAVICH' VISION 1 50/st/CH



Casual Casual
comics

ISSUE #8

~~JANUARY '89~~ 504



POT BUSTS REVISITED. Tom Christopher tells his story in the mini, WANTED (50/st/CW). He's been to court since. 3 years probation, 200 hours community service, and \$200 fine. All that for growing a few plants in the state of Washington.* DERANGED TALES is 50/st from Garry Hardman, RD 2 Sherrod Hill Road, Edinboro, PA 16412. Some pages by Ed DeVore included.*

NEWAVE EAST 3 is also 50/st from Hardman.* MR. BADD is the latest from Jim Williams, but he's on the move so I'll run his address next month.* MUMBLES 2 is \$2.54 pp from John E. He also has 2 minis: SHARK BAIT? and BARGAIN BASEMENT- 50/st ea. POB 7243, Wichita, KS 67218.* CASUAL COMICS 8 is 50/37 stamp from Peter Dako, 536 Richmond St West, Toronto, Ont, Canada M5V 1Y4. All 8 issues still available at same price. Peter asked me about Rory Hayes. A couple of people promised me information on Rory three months ago, but never delivered. Sorry about that.* OUTSIDE IN is 50/st from Steve Willis, 385 1/2 Irving Pullman, WA 99163. #12 is current.* B. Lewis has GET SIMONIZED, 50/st, Box 27854, Richmond, VA 23261.* IF YOU WRITE AND ASK ME



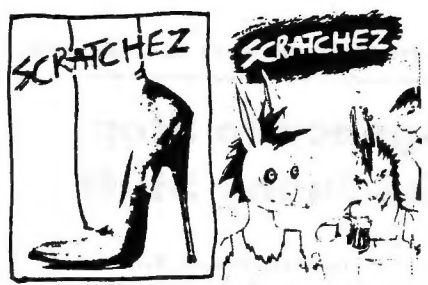
FOR ANYTHING, SEND A STAMPED ENVELOPE. If you are publishing minis as often as I am, I expect you to buy a small ad once in awhile to help with expenses. Those who expect free advertising all the time go down in my book as freeloaders. This is a game we share, folks.

-CLAY GEERDES





GOODIES 11 is \$1 from Brad Foster, 4109 Pleasant Run, Irving, TX 75038. And did you know that there is another Brad Foster? Yep, he calls for square dancing at the club where I work. And do they look alike? Nope.* DOG ROLL is \$1.37 pp from Tim Callaghan, Box 65, Edinboro, PA 16412. Tim also has ANTI-CLIMACTIC WAR TALES (50/st) & a larger format zine, OH NO! COMIX (\$2.25 pp). Tim says there was a Newave East Comix Show at Edinboro State College in January. He may have some of the programs.* Mike Hill has WORKER POET 5 at \$1 pp. JAG (mini) for 50/st. c/o R. J. Hill, RD 4 Glenn Drive Rd., Franklin, PA 16323.* John E.'s latest is CARTOON BRUT, 50/st, POB 7243, Wichita, KS 67218. John just interviewed me for his next MUMBLES MAG and I said a lot of weird stuff so watch for the April issue.* OVERLY BUSTY NEKKID, etc is \$.75 from Brad Foster. Address above.* THE LOVE RANGERS 5 is \$2.50 pp from Vernon Grant 131 Putnam Av, Cambridge, MA



COMIX WAVE 14. April 1, 1984. c Clay Geerdes, Box 7081, Berkeley, CA 94707. All Rights Reserved. Subs: \$6 for 24, \$11 for 48. Logo by John Howard, dedicated to Laurel and Hardy, two of our guiding spirits.* COMIX WAVE MAG 17 is \$1.87 from CW (see Eastman's cover lower right). 28 pages of good stuff by Tom Christopher, Randy Maxson, Jim Williams, Greg Doud, and Steve Lafler.* SWEET CHEEKS 8 out for 50/st from CW. Cover by Randy Clark. The issue is misnumbered 10. DON'T ASK!* SCRATCHEZ is \$1.25 a copy and there are three issues & they are nice minis with color covers & collectors will love them. B. Lewis has 'em, Box 27854, Richmond, VA 23261.* Jerry Goebert says MAJOR COMICS ain't dead. He's living in Pittsburgh now at 156 Howard St. in case you want to drop him a line. 15233 zip.* OUTSIDE IN is 50/st from Steve Willis, 385 1/2 Irving, Pullman, WA 99163. Ask him about previous issues of this ego-zine.* Latest V.D. CAGE is 80 cents from Scott Stevens, 2208 Parkside, #117, Mesquite, TX 75150.* SAN DIEGO CON, June 28-July 1!

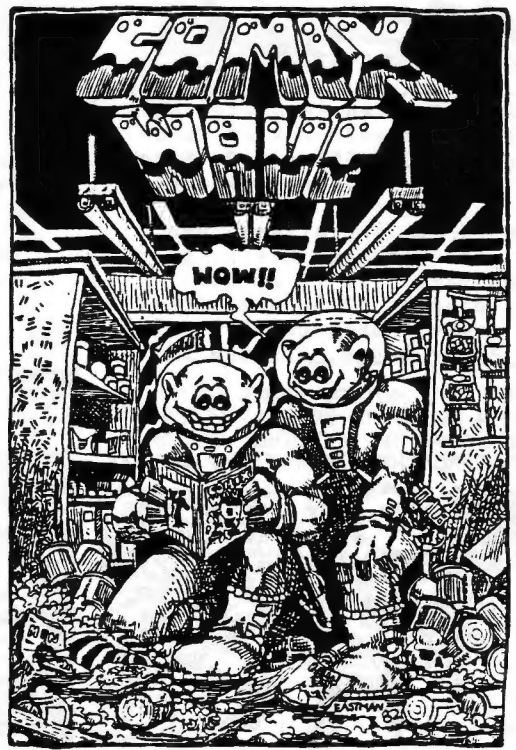
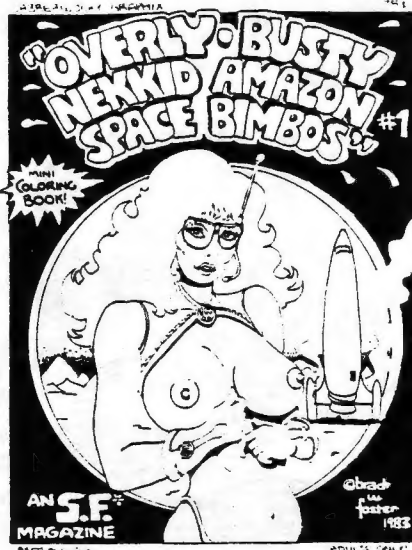
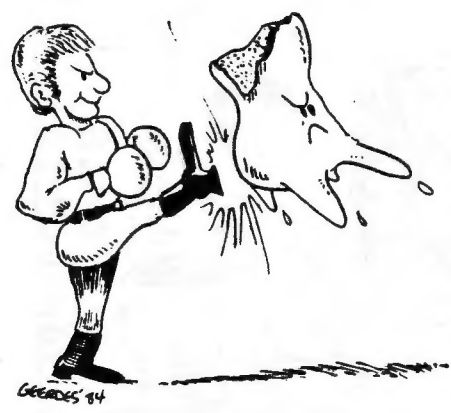


THE FIRST KINGDOM 19 continues Jack Katz' saga of Tundran. \$2.25 pp from Bud Plant, Box 1886, Grass Valley, CA 95945.



Jim Williams has moved to Portland. \$1 to him gets you his MILT THE MUTATION!

JR. WILLIAMS
1418 SE 29TH
PORTLAND, OR
97214



Agency to Stop The Funny Stuff

Washington

Energy Secretary Donald Hodel ordered his staff yesterday to stop including political cartoons derogatory to Democrats in daily news clip packets distributed to agency officials at public expense.

Representative Vic Fazio, D-Calif., told Hodel at a House Appropriations subcommittee meeting that including politically partisan cartoons is inappropriate and possibly illegal.

At the least it "reflects a lingering disrespect for the proper operation of the department," Fazio said.

"I personally consider it inappropriate, regardless of which political party occupies the White House, to use an official publication of the Department of Energy... in a partisan manner," Fazio said.

"I find these cartoons a somewhat cynical use of public funds and strongly believe they constitute an inappropriate signal to DOE civil servants, who should be encouraged to perform their duty in a non-partisan manner."

Hodel told Fazio he did not know that some of the cartoons attacked Democrats, but agreed to order his staff to halt the practice.

United Press



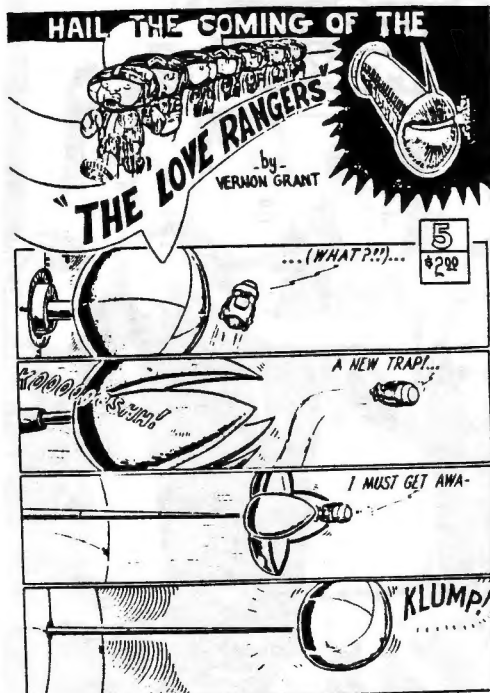
ANSWERS ARE ONLY TEMPORARY SOLUTIONS!

WEIRDO 9 sneaked into the comic stores the second week of March. It does in ELFQUEST (J. D. King does it in a style reminiscent of Segar.), gets into marriage (with more of Crumb and Aline), and deals with bits and pieces of contemporary life (like Dori Seda's piece). \$2.50 now. Great Crumb cover. Moron panel at right is by Peter Bagge, the new editor

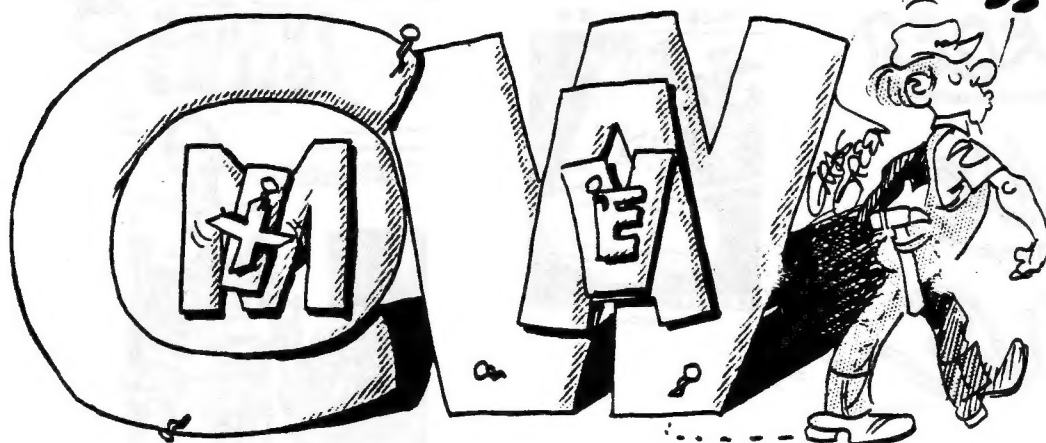
I WENT TO A MOTHER JONES PARTY. IT WAS A RELIEF TO BE AT A PARTY WHERE EVERYBODY HAD THEIR CLOTHES ON, BUT I WAS APPROACHED BY A YOUNG WASTREL.



NEWAVE RAP. Put your address in your comix. Half the time I don't have your address at hand, because I just have the comic, not the envelope it came in.* I only put in plugs for comix, nothing else. You want people to know about something else, you send them your own ad sheet when they buy something from you. If I plug your zine and nobody orders it, there's a message there. If no one re-orders, there is another message there. Maybe cartooning isn't your trip. No harm in that; it's a big world. Lots of things to do.* Clark Dissmeyer is going to college in Kearney, Nebraska but I lost his address, so when I hear from him again, I'll let you know.* Grass Green has a regular gig in Chicago, so he's got less time to draw. He'll catch up though.* You don't have to ask to contribute to the CW mini-series, just send me the artwork, same size, or 5x7" (no border). I always need illustrated weird news bits for BABYFAT and FRIED BRAINS. I never need pointless drawings and tracings. READ! That's how you come up with ideas.* Everyone should look at the art from time to time, think about it; ask where he's at, where he's going, whether or not it's worth it, whether it should have been flushed instead of published for everyone to see--you have to do that, painful as it may be. If this year's work isn't a lot better than last year's, best think about doing something else for awhile.* WEIRD DENTIST will be out soon. Miller cover. ANT HELL has a Miller cover, too. Minis on the way.* Found out Pacific Comics is getting their filler from Joe Kubert's school. Pity. That's a narrow trip with stylistic limits. Ah well.... C.G.



CLAY GEERDES'



COMIX WAVE 15, April 15, 1984. © Clay Geerdes, Box 7081, Berkeley, CA 94707. All Rights Reserved. Logo by Grass Green. Subs: \$6 for 24, \$11 for 48 in the U.S.A.* YUMMY FUR 5 is 25/.37 st. from Tortured Canoe, 22 Albany Ave., Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5R 3C3.* FAIRY TAILS is 50/stamp from Rodgers Books, POB 605, Blairstown, N J 07825.* OBLIQUE is 25/st from XEX GRAPHIX, POB 240611, Memphis, TN 38124.* NO NAME COMIX is 50/.37 stamp fm K. G. Cruickshank, One Homewood Ave #409, Toronto, Ont. Canada, M4Y 2J8.* A sample copy of REAL FUN (8 1/2 x 11 adzine with some comix (Wilson, Griffy, and Robert Williams in #1) is \$1 from CONSTANT CAUSE, POB 15243, Phila, PA 19125.* DEAN NOVA 2 is \$1.25/.54 from Larry Nadoisky, POB 4, Pointe Du Bois, Man, Canada ROE 1N0.* Who "lives like a creature created by the late H. G. Wells, emerging from his bed half shaven, eyes like piss-holes in the snow, and diving troglodyte-like into the nearest dimly lit bar where he takes on vast quantities of re-viving medicines?" No, featherbrain, not Hunter Thompson. That was LAST issue. This is Keith Moon, late drummer for THE WHO, that's who. Keith was one of those guys you love to read about but wouldn't have wanted to have been. Dougal Butler lived and worked with Moon for a few years and he has recaptured the madness of that period and the hyper character of Moon in FULL MOON. This humorous bio answers the critical question: why do rockstars always have to trash their hotel rooms? Butler suggests a revenge motive. Performers on the way up have to stay in some real pigsties and take a lot of crap from everyone from desk clerk to bellhop, but as soon as they have made it and are in possession of the BIG BUCKS then they find themselves in demand and their boots carefully licked at every turn. But this new behavior does not cancel out the memories of the lean years hence the knife in the waterbed and the booze on the paintings and bullet-ridden t-v screens galore.* In a grandiloquently anti-commercial gesture, NORMALMAN artist Valentino burned a copy of SPIDER-MAN 252 onstage in McCabe Hall in San Diego at the recent COLLECTOR'S CONVENTION. 252, for those of you unhip, is the issue where SPIDEY got a new (easier to draw) costume, and many dealers have been scalping the big ones on it (as high as \$10 a copy). Valentino

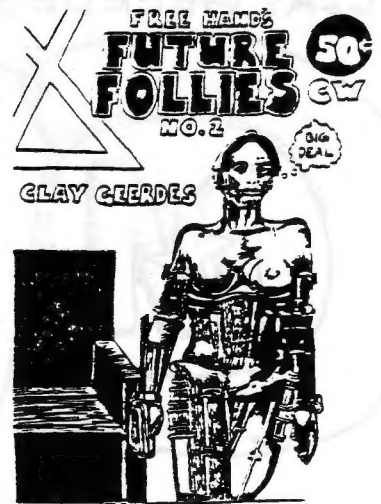
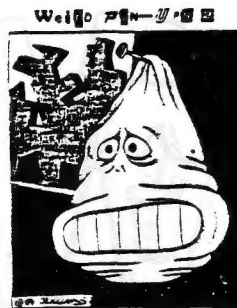
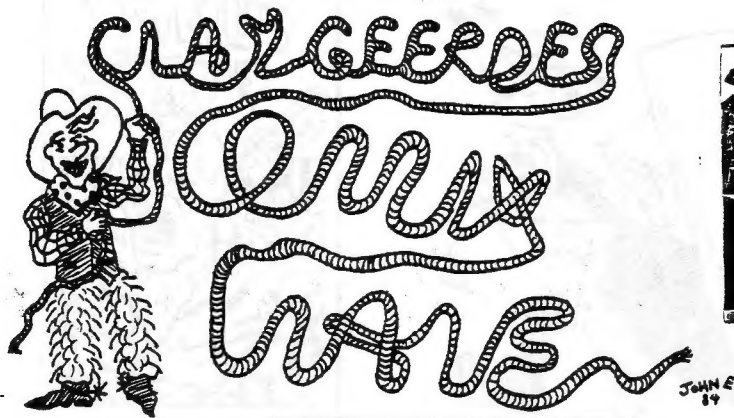
TWO-FISTED SUSPENSE STORIES
FROM THE
BWAUNT-VAULT-CRYPT
BUY NORMALMAN



AT YOUR LOCAL COMIC STORE!

COMING IN '84 -
Tales of Jerry #3
(the Cloned Vampire)





showed the proper amount of contempt for such blatant greed, but the message was lost on at least one fan, the one who showed up at V's table in the dealer's room with the ashes of that Spidey double-bagged and asked V to sign a note testifying to the act. In such a way is history made. V signed.* Ted Richards was present at the Con. Said a new FORTY YEAR OLD HIPPIE tale will be forthcoming in a New York published collection. More on that when I get a copy.* Dave Sim, who has been drawing CEREBUS THE AARDVARK for a number of years now, posed for this historical shot with Valentino. I asked for no clowning, but you know how it is. Both will be on hand for the PETUNIA CON at the Oakland-Hyatt, April 21-22. So if you're reading this there, Hi.* YELLOW SUBMARINE on the tube last night. Music from the grave. Yellow subs were caps of acid on Haight Street for awhile back in yon 60s. Geez. Brand-name acid! Purple Haze falls in my brain. White Lightning. Orange Wedgies. Dyed vitamin pills sold to tourist in doorways. Memories of the Oregano Kid and Superspade and Sunshine came softly through my window today could have tripped out easy but I've decided to change my ways..Chet Anderson's streetwise madness raps in those anonymous 'Communications Company' broadsides that looked like early COMIX WORLDS. Hey, you're beautiful, man. Everything is beautiful. How does it feel to be one of the beautiful people? Businesses had names like Happiness, Unlimited and The Family Dog and the Blushing Peony Skinnidippin. Posters were iconographic and decipherable only by the fried of brain. Speed freaks rapped at anything on the street that moved from People to shop window reflections, and they often talked to modified Stop signs. Someone was always extending a Stop sign to say Stop the War in Viet Nam or Stop Johnson. Names were dropped--Ginsburg, Leary, Kesey, Kandel, Crumb. Teenagers were called flower children or teenyboppers or bubblegummers or chumps, tricks, marks, saps, depending on which group you listened to. Dropping was big. People dropped out, dropped acid, dropped in on folks in crash pads, and dropped any contact with 'straight friends' who were hanging on to the Establishment 9-5 bag. Many dropped their polyester clothes into free boxes and costumed themselves out of second and third hand stores. A ZAP comix was something you read, laughed at, and left where you had picked it up, not something you put in a plastic bag and saved to sell for a couple of hundred bucks ten years later. Women talked about 'balling' guys and everything was 'far out' and 'groovy.' Anyone who looked a little funny when you passed him/her a joint was 'uptight'. Like any time in history, a lot of people were having a good time and a lot of other people were getting killed in a war and a lot of still other people were marching and protesting and campaigning and chattering on over their espressos about isms and ologies and hidden lyric meanings and art and money. On acid, the banal took on deep meaning; suburban parents went mad regularly, and too, too many maturing kids just didn't 'get a job.'

COMIX WORLD MINI-COMIX: 50/stamp each. WEIRD PIN-UPS 2, DANCE OF DEATH 8, SWEET CHEEKS 10, KRAZY KOMIX 6, FUTURE FOLLIES 2, PUNKOMIX 3. Newcomers: buy a mini-sampler: 12 prepaced minis for \$5 pp. COMIX WAVE 18 is \$1.37 pp from CW. Will Meugniot cover. Art by Clark, Holman, Maxson,



D'I

ANN



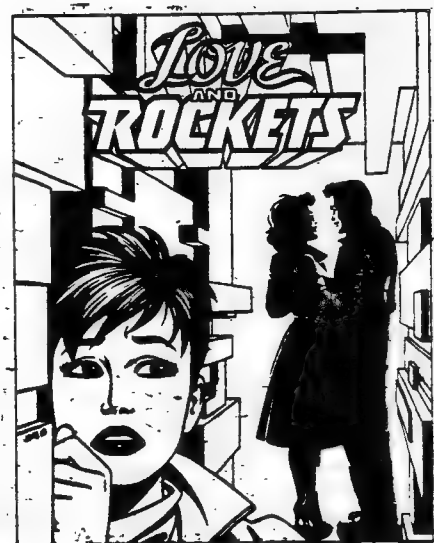
VALENTINO

SIM



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COMIX WAVE 16, June, 1984. © Clay Geerdes, Box 7081, Berkeley, CA 94707. All Rights Reserved. Logo by Par Holman, whose latest is the cover of OLD GIRLFRIENDS 3 (50/st from CW). Subs: \$6 for 24; 11 for 48 (U.S.A./Adults only on all CWs and most Newwave and UG comix, so send age statement along). * P. 2 logo by Hank Arkellian. * New stuff to watch for this Summer: Jack Katz' FIRST KINGDOM 19, a new LOVE AND ROCKETS by the Hernandez Brothers, CUTEY BUNNY 3 (now distributed by Aardvark-Vanaheim). Robert Crumb illustrated Charles Bukowski's THERE'S NO BUSINESS for Black Swallow Press (\$4.50 pp, Box 3993, Santa Barbara, CA 93130. Ask them about the other books by Buk on sale.). It's more a vignette about a hasbeen comic than a story, but it's fun. * The new CW minis are: STONERMAN 10, FRIED BRAINS 10, OLD GIRLFRIENDS 3 (4 pages/25/stamp), BABYFAT 42, and ANT HELL COMICS (4 pp, 25/st) with a David Miller cover. * INDIANA JONES is an incredible parade of exquisite clichés, so well done you'll want to stand up and cheer. Jones flashes back to the best of the Weismuller Tarzan and Jungle Jim movies and the ideas are all old hat but their execution is high tech. Would Alfred Jarry have liked this movie? Why do I ask? Well, I just finished reading the bio of Jarry illustrated by Bill Griffith, so things like that occur to me. Jarry was perhaps the major influence on Bill's Zippy, the ultimate composite of visual and literary absurdity. CW has always been dada, mail art, a random cut-and-paste collection of comic images "signifying nothing" or everything. What's dada? When Valentino ripped up that copy of SPIDER-MAN 252 in San Jose, that was dada. Jarry based the character central to his philosophy (or anti-philosophy), Pere Ubu, on a teacher he despised and held in contempt, a M. Hébert. He got a lot of mileage out of old Hébert, yet one cannot help thinking that had it not been for the bourgeoisie (the middle class), folks like Jarry would have had nothing to rebel against. Complacency doth breed art.



YES! SEND ME THE BIG
COMIX WAVE SAMPLER
(A 24-ISSUE SUB TO THE NEWS-
LETTERS, 1 COPY OF COMIX WAVE,
AND 12 MINI-COMIX \$12.00 pp)

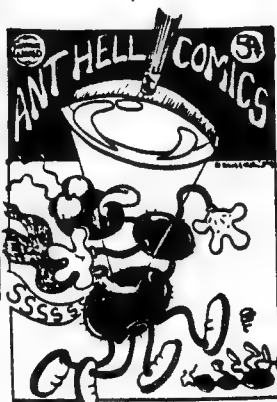
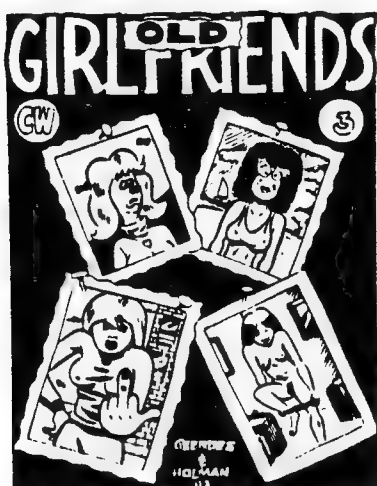
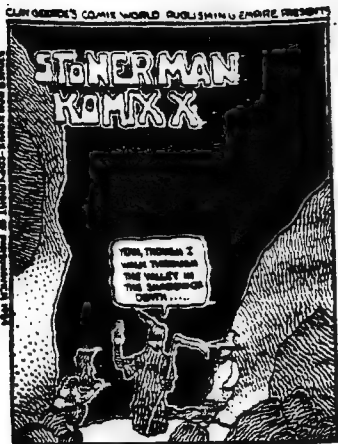
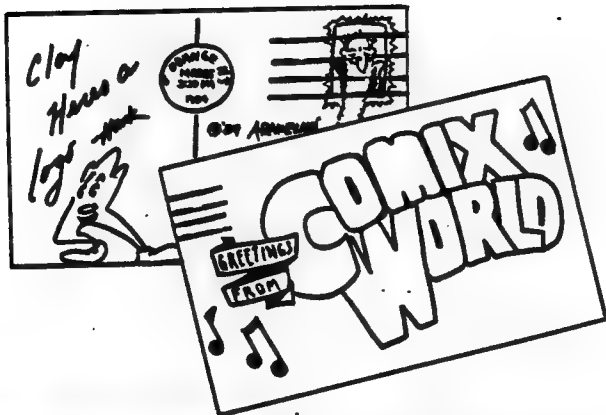
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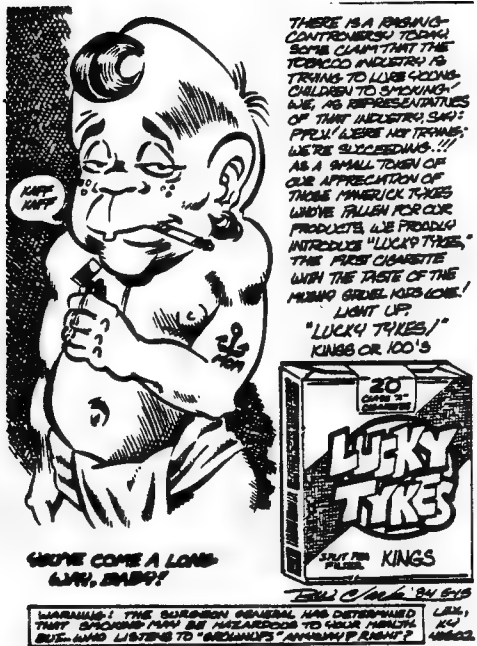
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CLAY GEERDES
BOX 7081
BERKELEY CA 94707

I'M 18 OR OLDER ☐



Mike Dowers' latest: STARHEAD 7 is \$1.50/37; OLD TALES is 75/20. MORTY DOG COMICS is \$1.25/37; OUTSIDE IN 15 is 60/20. 3615 Phinney N, Seattle, WA 98103. * BILL FITTS, POB 167, 48 Shattuck Square, Berkeley, CA 94704, has two minis: THE STORY OF IT and NUDRAWN BOMB. 50/st each. His TERRA FIRMA 2 is \$1.50pp. * CITY LIMITS GAZETTE 11 is \$1.25/37. Bruce Chrislip, 3914 2nd Ave NE #1, Seattle, WA 98105. * TRAGEDY OF MORTY: ACT 2 is \$1.50 from Steve Willis, 385 1/2 Irving, Pullman, WA 99163. * EL VIBORA 53 has a new chapter of Rand Holmes' HAROLD HEDD in color \$5 from J. M. Berengueur, Plaza Beatas 3, Barcelona, SPAIN. EL VIBORA retains the spirit, range, variety, and intensity of the 60s underground. * Plugs in CW cost two copies. If you're drawing cartoons, get in touch. * Leonard Nimoy's STAR TREK reminiscence was nice. I'm still a fan of that series, partly because of the times (late sixties), but I think a good dozen of the scripts will continue to hold their own. * Oh, Nige Lennon wrote the Jarry bio. A good read. Griffy did a comic bio of Jarry in RAW. C.G.





COMIX WAVE 17. July 1984. © CLAY GEERDES, Box 7081, Berkeley, CA 94707. Subs: \$6 for 24. Logo by John E; publisher of MUMBLES. John's first mini-comic for CW is GARAGE SALE (50/stamp). Other new minis include ANOTHER LI'L BOOK OF BIG TITS (Geerdes/Holman), BABYFAT 44, and GUNS 'N' AMMO 1 (Brad Caslor), all 50/stamp from CW.* Lots of new-avers on hand at the recent San Diego Comicon. David Miller, Steve Lafler, Johnny Edgar, Jane Oliver, Susan Catherine, Doug Holverson, Doug O'Neill, Norman Dog, Jim Williams. We caroused around, drinking beer, talking projects, gossiping, watching Bob Clampett cartoons, hearing the latest about various books that are out or on the way out. Howard Chaykin said he took a couple of issues off, but is back in the swing now. I did a piece on AMERICAN FLAGG which will run in the new issue of THE TELEGRAPH WIRE.* I see Crumb has illustrated Weaver's novel, TEXAS CRUDE.* Gary Panter at the con signing his RAWs. Norman Dog there with his t-shirts. The usual old-timers sitting behind their Golden Age collections and the usual younger dealers trying to get the best for less so they can peddle them for the most. When you buy a book, it's always "a collector's item, be worth a lot of money in a few years," then a few years later when you're trying to sell that valuable "collector's item", you hear "Sorry, can't use it. Got a basement full. Marvel dumped the title, blah blah! Give you a quarter for it." Print runs are too high on most contemporary comics for them ever to be worth much as collector's items. The entire X-Men trip is a manufactured collector/dealer hustle anyway. What value does a collection have when every other person has the same books? A silly business.* I saw stats of the best of Dave Stevens' Rocketman story and was very disappointed. The first part was done with such care and love, but what I saw was a quickie finish, something an artist does to fulfill a commitment and get something out of the way so he can go on to other projects. A shame to do that to Rocketman. No points for Stevens on this one.* Overheard in the hotel elevator: "What did they find down Boy George's pants?" "Michael Jackson's other glove." There was a Rocketman in this year's costume contest, but no newave character yet. The only ug characters that have appeared in the contest are Cheech Wizard and Zippy. Sergio Aragones emceed the contest and did his shuffle off to Buffalo a few times as an adlib.* Lots of random sketching in the bar and at the banquet.

-CLAY GEERDES, July 8, 1984

NEWAVES IN PRINT: GOODIES 13 is \$1 from Br Foster, 4109 Pleasant Run, Irving, TX 75038 Sex art.* THE TRAGEDY OF MORTY, ACT 3, is \$2.50 from Steve Willis, 385 1/2 Irving, Pullman, WA 99163.* CEREBUS 63, JOURNEY 11 and FLAMING CARROT 1 out from Aardvark-Vanaheim.* CAPTAIN SAUCER #9 is \$2.54 from Doug Holverson, R R 1, Soldier, IA 51572.* From Dale Luciano, CRANIUM STATION DMZ (art by Steve Willis). Mini or DZ size. 50/stamp or \$1.54 pp. 6932 East Rosewood, Tuscon, AZ 85710. Dale has done a long piece on the Newavers for TCJ 94.* Johnny Edgar connects with Last Gasp at the Con and one of his stories will run in SLOW DEATH 11. John has NICKELBAG 3 and some other minis, so send him a buck and say you want 'em. 119 Truru St., Browns Mills, N J 08015.* BAD BOY COMIX 2 is 8 pages of art, color cover. \$2.50 from Douglas O'Neill, 15520 Tustin Village, Tustin CA 92680.* Jim Williams had some copies of his 8 1/2 x 11 MILT THE MUTATION with hand-colored covers at the con. Write and ask him if he still has some. \$1.54 pp.

A Psalm for 1984

RONALD REAGAN is my president; I shall not want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in great hunger; he leadeth me beside the still smelters.

3 He restoreth my debts; he leadeth me in the paths of nuclear warfare for his name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of despair, I will fear no change; for thou art reactionary; thy office and thy staff they do nothing to comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a speech before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou annointest my head with promises; my national debt runneth over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life and I will see thee removed from residence in the White House forever.

Anonymous





By Chris Stewart

Holdout

This Bank of America teller, James A. Pinkoski, 34, locked himself inside a room yesterday in the University branch at Telegraph and Durant avenues in Berkeley, where he worked. He refused to budge for four hours, until he could hold a press conference. Police finally agreed to the demand and waited until Pinkoski, an aspiring cartoonist, told reporters of his plan to reform the nation's banking system. Then officers took him to jail, where he was held in lieu of \$2500 bail on charges of carrying a concealed weapon, carrying a loaded weapon and trespassing.

Armed artist gets his wish

By MODESTO FERNANDEZ
STAFF WRITER

Jim Pinkoski, who held police at bay for five hours and forced the closure of the University Branch Bank of America, was released on his own recognizance yesterday by an Alameda County Superior Court judge.

Pinkoski, a part-time employee at the bank and a frustrated comic-strip artist was arrested yesterday after he held an impromptu press conference — his only demand after he had locked himself in the bank's conference room with a loaded pistol and threatened to commit suicide if anyone came after him.

An Oakland resident, Pinkoski was charged with possession of a firearm without a permit, possession of a loaded firearm in a public place, trespassing and possession of amphetamines.

Pinkoski, 34, said he chose his and George Orwell's birthday to make this desperate attempt to publicize a comic strip that presents his ideas for a new banking system that would incorporate all banking transactions in one national institution. He later got his birthday wish: publicity in local television, radio and newspapers.

At 10:30 a.m., Pinkoski walked into the bank and handed a letter to branch manager Al Roesert, telling Roesert to clear the bank. Soon afterwards, Pinkoski locked himself in the conference room while police cordoned off the block surrounding the bank and a large group of onlookers gathered.

By noon Monday, a little more than an hour after he locked himself in the bank's conference room, the area near the bank was like a circus. Dozens of Berkeley and UC police kept hundreds of spectators away from the bank, fearing Pinkoski had a bomb. News crews from local television and

radio stations and newspapers in the area pressed to cover the story. Rumors flew and so did the bubbles of local poet Julia Vinograd (the bubble lady), who questioned police spokespersons and reporters.

After holding out for four hours, Pinkoski surrendered to police when he was granted his demand for a press conference with The Daily Californian, KALX, The San Francisco Chronicle, and television stations KGO and KRON.

Pinkoski, dressed in a black-and-white shirt with a photo button of Albert Einstein, seemed calm when he told the journalists that he took this action after his failure to gain publicity for his criticism on the current banking system and his ideas to reform it. His ideas, which are in comic strip form, are on sale at Cody's bookstore and Comics & Comix, both on Telegraph Avenue.

"I'm trying to offer a solution to this country's banking problems," Pinkoski said. "But if you're not a professor, people just don't listen to you."

After the 10-minute press conference, police led Pinkoski to a waiting squad car. On his way out of the bank the remaining crowd of 100 cheered him. Vinograd led the onlookers in singing "happy birthday" to Pinkoski.

Pinkoski had worked for Comics & Comix San Jose branch in 1972, according to Sue Honor, personnel manager at Comics & Comix. Comics & Comix has published and sold his work since 1974. According to Honor, Pinkoski, who worked as a salesclerk at Comics & Comix, was frustrated because he did not become as successful as other employees he worked with. Frank Cirroco and Brent Anderson, who both now work for Marvel Comics, Inc., were contemporaries of Pinkoski at the San Jose store.

Honor said it was not like Pinkoski to be violent. "I think that the gun was just for dramatic effect," she said. "I don't think he would have committed suicide." Two fellow tellers at the bank were also surprised by his actions. "He wasn't the kind of person to do this," said a teller who refused to give her name.

which on Monday was flashed on every local television newscast.

"I think we should switch to a generic banking system," he said. Pinkoski's solution to this country's banking woes is the creation of a one-bank system.

Pinkoski said his plan would work as follows: First, the bank lends money to a person who wants to buy a house. Next, the homebuyer gives the money to the homebuilder. Finally, the homebuilder deposits the money

Pinkoski

FROM PAGE 2

into his or her account — which, of course, is in the same institution that loaned the money. By extension, if the builder pays out some of the money received, the recipients will make deposits in the bank.

So the bank already has its money back. Therefore, Pinkoski said, it can afford to charge extremely low interest and still make a comfortable profit.

Pinkoski, who was a part-time teller at the bank, said, "All I've ever wanted to do was to start a discussion on my ideas on the banking system." Pinkoski had earlier tried to sell his comic strips to various newspapers. The strips criticize the banking system. At a press conference he received last Monday as a condition for his surrender, he told reporters the purpose for his drastic action was to publicize his comic strip.

He said he had been frustrated by earlier attempts to get the media to present his views. Earlier he had picketed the Telegraph Avenue branch of the Bank of America as well as the main headquarters in San Francisco.

Pinkoski was freed on his own recognizance. His pre-trial is scheduled for July 3. The police are keeping as evidence his .32 caliber automatic, which Pinkoski said he bought a month ago. He was arrested Monday for possession of a firearm without a permit, possession of a loaded firearm

in a public place, trespassing and possession of amphetamines.

Thursday Pinkoski gave copies of his comic strip to the university's economics department and to the chancellor. "I want to get them to start up a little discussion on my ideas," Pinkoski said.

Dr. Bernard Diamond, a clinical psychiatrist at the University of California Medical School in San Francisco and a former professor at Boalt law school and the defunct school of Criminology at Berkeley, evaluated some of Pinkoski's comic strips earlier this week.

"Nothing in the material suggests mental illness," Diamond said. "He appears to be a member of a class of people who are highly eccentric and individualistic in thinking."

Diamond said these are people who get caught up in imaginative and obsessive thinking and lack contact with others who can provide feedback on their ideas.

"We all need to bounce our ideas with other people. That's how we develop a common conceptual validity," Diamond said. "That's not to say that commonly held ideas of reality are necessarily right. Widely held religious or political ideas for example have not been necessarily right."

Based on an evaluation of Pinkoski's comic strips, Diamond did not consider him dangerous. "The problem seems to be more of a sociological than a psychological one," Diamond said.

THE FIRST MILITANT CARTOONIST? COMIX RADICALISM IN BERKELEY? Thursday, June 28, 1 PM. On the steps in front of Sproul Hall just a few yards from the spot Mario Savio made famous back in 1964 when he kicked off the Free Speech Movement and altered the history of the campus forever. Pinkoski is carrying a sign which says, DO BANKS PISS YOU OFF? Jim is a lone picket telling his story to a Daily Cal reporter while handing out his leaflet. Asked about his gun, the 32 the police have on ice, Jim said he was a CO during the Viet Nam war and had been a pacifist since his student days in Sacramento. He used the gun because the media responds to guns, not words. The outcome of it all? Well, Jim was arraigned and will have a hearing on July 17 and I'll pass along the result. In the dealer's room in San Diego, I heard people writing Jim off as crazy, but I don't think he's crazy at all. His ideas re banking are quite logical. What they don't accept is the right of the big bankers to make a ton of money off everyone and we are unlikely to see any reform that tries to take the gas out of the Rolls Royces of the rich. Jim was one of the earliest newavers; he did RAVEN HARE in 1972. C.G.

Just days after closing bank, comic's back on Sproul Plaza

By MODESTO FERNANDEZ
STAFF WRITER

Jim Pinkoski was back in obscurity Thursday, less than a week after he forced the closure of the Bank of America branch at Telegraph and Durant Avenues.

Only a couple of people recognized his bearded, bespectacled face yesterday as he tried to give his message on the banking system to the scores of people sunning lazily on the steps of Sproul Hall. It was the same face

BRIGHT IDEAS

EVERY HOUSE IN THIS COUNTRY IS HOOKED UP BY AN INVISIBLE UMBILICAL CORD TO THE BANK THROUGH WHICH THAT HOUSE IS FINANCED...

FEED IT, FEED IT, FEED IT! ...

EVERY BANK'S COMPUTER ACTS LIKE A VORACIOUS EVER-HUNGRY BEAST WHISE DEMANDS WILL NEVER LET OFF! EVERY HUMAN BEING FEEDS THIS BANK MONSTER, THIS THING-THAT-MUST-BE-FED...

I HAVE NEWS FOR YOU: IT IS THE BEAST.

WRITE DOWN THE ALPHABET AND PUT NUMBERS IN INCREMENTS OF 6 NEXT EACH LETTER: (A IS 6, B IS 12, C IS 18, etc.)

'COMPUTER'
A = 6, B = 12, C = 18, D = 24, E = 30, F = 36, G = 42, H = 48, I = 54, J = 60, K = 66, L = 72, M = 78, N = 84, O = 90, P = 96, Q = 102, R = 108, S = 114, T = 120, U = 126, V = 132, W = 138, X = 144, Y = 150, Z = 156

THE SIGN OF THE ANTI-CHRIST.

JIM PINKOSKI



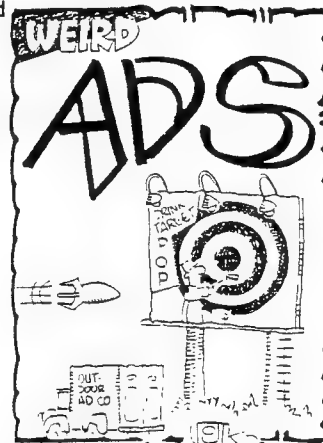
COMIX WAVE 18, August, 1984. © CLAY GEERDES, Box 7081, Berkeley, CA 94707. All Rights Reserved. Subs: \$6 for 24, \$11 for 48. Logo by Grass Green.

California, home of the weird cults. People come out here to the West Coast to practice the weirdness they learned at home in places like Henrietta, Oklahoma, and Lincoln, Nebraska. I grew up in Lincoln, and it isn't that you can't practice weirdness in between the coasts, just that the local media would ignore you. In San Francisco, where the DemoCon is on this week, there is so much media that local neighborhood lemonade stands and little League baseball make the evening news. You'll see a reporter standing around at the city dump and he's "working up something on waste disposal." The major networks have been watching Moscone Center all week and one newsperson had a big empty parking lot onscreen. Told us in her most pontifical tones that nothing was happening there, no demonstrations, no spontaneous parade of punks or gays or KKK, the Nazis didn't show up. I love stuff like that. Non-news. In California, even poor folks have their own personal press reps. You can't get off a bus without stumbling over a lawyer in search of a good personal injury case; the lawyers even advertise on t-v: "Hi, been run over lately? Some two-bit shyster try to get you to sign a release while you were flat on your back in the emergency room? Don't get taken by some random stranger, get to know us--we'll take you, I mean, take your case." I watched the beauty contest. Sound off, of course, can't stand t-v muzak. The clone parade. But you know a beauty contest is nothing but a modern slave block; all those poor deluded women are hungry for the bucks and figure those contests are the way to rich husbands. I always have the feeling if I jarred the t-v while they were all out there, that there would be just this big pile of vaselined smiles on stage. Everytime you see one of the candidates, you see this big pool of cameras and t-v gear. They are followed everywhere, every casual word is on someone's tape. Can you see it? Here's Geraldine Ferraro on the pot, she flushes, and the shower curtain zips back and an entire CBS mobile unit covers her as she pulls up her Calvin Kleins. I love the media though. The monotony of the DemoCon is broken up by a woman telling about a freaked-out ex-Viet Nam vet offing a couple dozen people at McDonald's in San Diego. "...and now this," she says, and on comes a Burger King commercial. I like the way people talk about the freakiness of San Francisco, the city where "the women wear the pants and the men wear the panties." If you want to demonstrate, you have to do some costumes, some theater. If you just go there and peacefully stand there, no one is going to pay any attention to you. A guy with a beard puts on a tutu and paints a flag on his face and skates down Market Street and he makes all the channels and you folks out in Utah and Oklahoma say, "They sure are weird out there." Hell, most Californians are just as polyester as you are. It's just that no one ever puts them on film. Sometimes you see their mugg shots in one of those Question Man columns. I've been in that one twice in the past 20 years. Can't remember

what he asked me. Maybe what was the worst date I ever had. That would have been easy. Faith was her name. I was about 15 or so and I guess she was the same. Kissing her was like kissing a box of Post Toasties. Talk about tight-lipped. Ah, well, I remember some of the others, too, those girls who open their mouths like they're yawning and you just fall in there, all goo and sloppy, makes you think you were right when you were eight and thought all that kissy-face mush stuff was for the birds. I dunno. You think Mondale would rule from the pot like Lyndon Johnson did? He used to make important visitors come right in the White House john and talk to him while he was taking a dump. He had style, old Johnson. What would we have done without ol' Lyndon to kick around in the sixties? Most of the stuff that happened under his regime started with Jack Kennedy, but no one could have hated him the way we did LBJ. All this old convention footage on the tube tonight. Just as boring in black and white. There's Harry Truman waving at the plebes. Harry ran a hat store in Missouri. The only man ever to order atomic bombs dropped on people. The Father of the House Un-American Activities Committee. There's Walter Cronkite. What is it with guys named Walter? Walt Disney, Walt Mondale. Walt Reed. I hear teenagers using words like "ska" and "punk" and "new wave." "So an' so's gone completely heavy metal, man, I dunno.." Today, there are apolitical dooper punks and political nondoper punks and various combos which include the rich fashionmonger punks who hang out on the Telly and fake poor. Some of them even spare change for a giggle. At the end of the day, you see them sneak down and climb into the family Mercedes and glide off to the hills for dinner. When I lived in the Haight back in 1968, I'd see the rich kids park their jags near my place up on Ashbury, then walk the several blocks down the hill to spend the weekend playing Hippie. If you lived in the neighborhood then, you remember the "Summer of love" as a time when thousands of idealistic kids ran away from home and came to the Haight, the new home of free acid, good vibes, and rock and roll, but what most found when they got here was entirely different. Many a lone girl would wake up with a stranger in her sleeping bag. "Hey, you're really a groovy chick; wanna ball?" And, well, no, she didn't, being in a strange crash pad and all, but it wasn't "hip" to refuse sex at the time, so a lot of young women found themselves used by hustlers. They got turned on to various chemicals designed more to lower their resistance to unwanted sex than to expand their consciousness. Sickness and disease was the frequent bonus to all of this indiscriminate sex, not to mention an epidemic of serious drug addiction (documented by David Smith of the Haight-Ashbury Free Clinic in his Journal of Psychedelic Drugs). There were people who maintained crash pads. Had a spare bedroom with nothing but mattresses all over the floor and people could stay there; well, most of the kids who hitched into the Haight were very wet behind the ears and they were not at all ready for the streetwise characters who latched on to them the moment they hit the street or the Greyhound Depot.

What these bozos knew about survival you could put in the corner of your eye. If it hadn't been for the people who fed them (The Diggers), doctoring them (the Free Clinic), and counseled them (Huckleberry House), many more would have been dead ducks than were. Some of the more serious problems were heroin addiction (over 5,000 cases documented by Smith in one study of the period), infectious hepatitis (the legacy of those who used borrowed dirty needles to shoot speed--methadrine, methamphetamines), and lost children (many folks now punking out had daddies and mommies who were flower children making the Haight Scene, folks who called themselves Sunshine and Windflower and Coconut Breath; birth certificates from the period are a lot of fun.). You see, most of the Haight was old-style San Francisco, multi-ethnic, but one end of it was in the ghetto and organized crime was always around; the big smack and coke dealers drifted down from the jazz clubs to farm the new customers who might just like to try a little better high than 1sd. Yeah. Well, the New Age hippies who were giving away free acid soon clashed with the old-style dealer who saw these guys poaching on the turf. "What's this free jive, baby? You fuckin' up my livin'." And the government went along with the old dealers and outlawed 1sd in October of 1966, putting it back into the category of a profit-making drug. After that event, the mellow hippies found themselves in hot water. The gangsters had started shooting them (17 killed along Haight Street later that year; one Black hippie shotgunned and tossed over an embankment in Marin--Remember Superspade?) and being pacifists, they decided to vamoose. By the end of the sixties, the Haight was back in the hands of the gangsters, but the teenagers continued to flow in, looking for the mecca they had seen advertised on their tubes. By then it was plastictown with love burgers on sale, buttons and posters mass-produced, instant hip for the well-healed. The new age folks were all up North--Mendocino, Humboldt, parts unknown. Fun, huh? Stay tuned. C.G.

The Sex Business got a big boost during this period. A lot of those runaway girls turned to topless dancing, prostitution, peep shows, photo gallery hustles, modelling, and acting in porn films. Some were junkies and needed quick money for the monkey, but others found the sex life easier than a 9-5, particularly if you were partial to a nice Nob Hill pad with a Z in the garage; point is that Haight-Ashbury was advertised as the land of free sex and dope and those who came got in on the taking or got taken. Lemme tell you, the majority got taken. Everybody wanted a piece of the Haight--movies, t-v, fastfood chains; the whole American Godzilla stormed over San Francisco



and the party was on and the main course was runaway teenager. Now a lot of people talked about the pill being the great liberator for women, but that wasn't the kind of liberation they were looking for, and perhaps it took the Haight experience (which, of course, went on in New York in the East Village and in most major urban areas) to enlighten them, that and the male chauvinism of New Left politicians. Anyway, a lot of these young women who were encouraged to run around in skimpy minidresses with no underwear on found themselves raped (compromised, seduced?) many times and only later came up with the term "date rape" or "acquaintanceship rape". I knew guys who would soak joints in hash oil and later on use them on unsuspecting girls they picked up at Fillmore. A few drags on one of those bombers and you were in dreamland. Many of these women woke up the next morning in someone's crash pad, never knowing who or what or how many--tell me that's not fraud and deceit and rape? "Hang loose, baby." "Do your own thing." Get rid of those parental repressions. Tim Leary used to tell people, "You can be anything this time around," and his listeners often were.*** FIRST KINGDOM #20 is out. 4 to go. Congrats to Jack Katz. Incredible achievement in comic art. Jack did the logo above in '75 when his first issue came out. It was announced to the world in COMIX WORLD 16.* New minis: DADA GUMBO is 50/st from Dale Luciano, 6932 Ea Rosewood, Tuscon, AZ 85710.* MIND SHIFT, WEIRD ADS, and BAGPACKER BLUES, are 50/st each from me.* BAD KAT KOMIX is 50/st from Luciano.* OBSCURE 1 goes for \$2.50 from Obscure Productions, 3326 E Anaheim St. Suite 124, Long Beach, CA 90804.* MX-TV is 50 from Obscure.* EL VIBORA 55. \$5 from J. M. Berenguer, Plaza Beatas 3, Barcelona, SPAIN.* O'Neill, Crumb, Crabman, Richards and Hallgren jamming on the DemoCon in the S. F. CHRONICLE.* TIMECON '84, August 3-5, San Jose Con Center. Write 1025 Jefferson St. Santa Clara 95050.



CLAY GEERDES'



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COMIX WAVE 19, September, 1984. © Clay Geerdes, Box 7081, Berkeley, CA 94707. All Rights Reserved. NEIL THE HORSE gets into break-dancing in #9 (September). In that same issue, Arn takes on Conan in "Canine the Barbarian."* New from CW: COMIX WAVE 20 with a cover and 10-page story by Par Holman, plus a new "Skids" tale by Randy Clark, and a new page by David Miller. That one is \$1.37 pp. THE VAULT OF HUMOR 4 is \$1.87 pp (20 pages) and has art by Holman, Miller, Howard, Clark, Jim Williams, and a parody of comic-collecting by Clay. Some of you profs and doctors out there break down and buy some newwaves; you can afford to support us.* Just out: JOURNEY 13, NORMALMAN 6, CEREBUS 66.* CARTOON BRUT 3 is 50/stamp from John E., POB 7243, Wichita, KS 67218. Art by John E. and Michael Roden.* STAR HEAD NUMBER EAT is \$1.79 pp from Michael Dowers, 3615 Phinney N, Seattle, WA 98103. OUTSIDE/IN 16 is 50/stamp from Mike.* THE DOUGHNUT KID is 20/stamp from Ross Rathala, 802 Hawthorne Street, Cloquet, MN 55720. MOON STONE 3 is two stamps from Ross; ask for his list.* Di Schutz off to the Big Apple where she'll edit THE TELEGRAPH WIRE.* Australian comics are still happening and INKSPOTS 4 is in. \$3.25 (air) or \$1.75 (sea) from Greg Gates, 5/102 Bath Rd, Burwood, 3125, Melbourne, AUSTRALIA. Money orders or bank drafts should be made out to Inked-in Enterprises. Bud Plant will distribute in U.S.A.* Summer's wrapped up here in Berkeley. Classes on at Cal on Monday. Telegraph is filled with parents who have brought their teenagers personally to the Big C. Be weird to start college in 1984 with Reagan at the helm.* A big too-do about sex films and porn in Berkeley. The Mitchell Brothers have one theater in town--the Cinema on Shattuck--and they brought Candy Samples over to do her strip act last week. The event was picketed by a group of folks who oppose porn in Berk. Inside, folks watched Candy undrape, while it was all politics and hoopla outside. Nothing resolved at this point, but the event has triggered a lot of colorful prose in the papers. Porn, child abuse, incest, all very big this year--t-v always cashes in on social issues, exploiting them to the hilt under the guise of "docu-dramas" and "documentaries."* I saw my first PG-13 rated film. Couldn't figure out that rating. I've had weirder dreams than that and I wasn't even sleeping. Good movie though. Dream-travelling will probably be imitated as time travel has been in AZTEC ACE. Best time travel book I ever read was Bob Silverberg's THE TIME HOPPERS (which I suspect is more a source for AZTEC ACE than DOCTOR WHO).* What's Newwave all about? Well, I've been interviewed, along with a lot of the other newavers, for COMICS JOURNAL 94, so you can read that and you'll know as much as I do. Hey, there's always a New Wave, right? Keep drawing. -Clay Geerdes

Creature Features is dying

MERGO KINNER

After almost 14 years, one of the Bay Area's most popular TV shows, *Creature Features*, is being cancelled by KTVU-TV, Channel 2, Oakland, to make room for a package of MGM re-runs.

Bay Area science-fiction, fantasy and horror fans are up in arms about the demise of the only program of its kind. *Creature Features* has presented classic films like *The Day The Earth Stood Still* and great schlock such as *Plan Nine from Outer Space*, which has been called the worst movie of all time.

Hosting with both knowledge and wit has been John Stanley, film writer for the *San Francisco Chronicle* and himself a filmmaker.

Stanley is also the author of numerous books, among them *The Creature Feature Movie Guide* (a second edi-

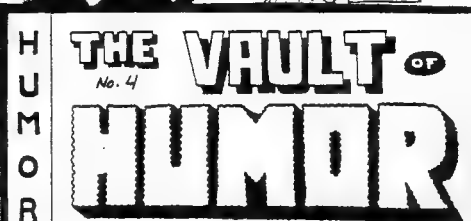
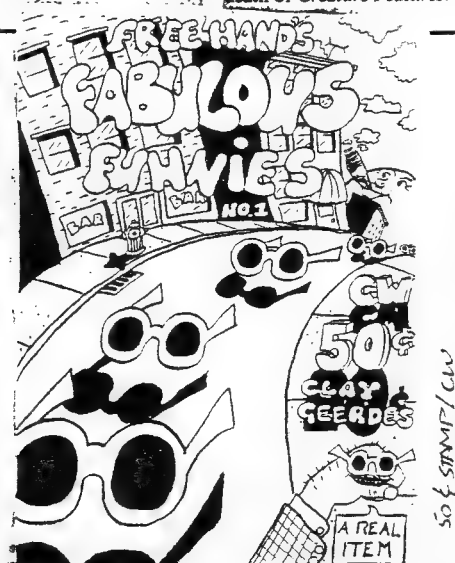
tion of which has been published by Warner Books this summer), a fine Hollywood-set detective story, with Humphrey Bogart as the sleuth, and a science-fiction novel of World War III. Stanley has also hosted many previews of new big screen movies, most recently *Sheena*, for his many fans.

On *Creature Features* he has presented many local personalities, including Karl Anthony Smith of Berkeley's West End Repertory; top science-fiction and fantasy writers like Berkeley's best-selling Marion Zimmer Bradley.

Many viewers are horrified that all this will go down the tube for re-runs of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures and point out that these can be seen not only on other TV stations, but in big-screen revivals, including those currently at Berkeley's Pacific Film Ar-

chive and San Francisco's Castro Theatre.

In a grassroots drive to save their favorite program, *Creature Feature* fans are writing letters and making phone calls to the Station Manager, KTVU-TV, Channel 2, Number Two Jack London Square, Oakland 94697; 834-1212. But unless the fans are successful, Saturday, September 1 will mark the death of *Creature Features*.



ORIGINAL COMICS 1 is 50/stamp from Mark Shedlock, Box 233, Heather Highlands, Inkerman, PA 18640.* Susan Catherine having a show at the Two Bells Tavern, 2313 Fourth Avenue, Seattle, Wash, on September 24.* Anne Eder and Tom Watkins having a show of art and sculpture, etc. at Watkins' Studio, 5 W 7th St, Wilmington, Delaware, Sept 9. Saw CONAN THE DESTROYER, a movie for those who prefer rolling heads to talking heads.* I haven't read the Perry book yet, when I do I'll review it; until then, I'll pass along Paul's critique.* Is bad art on Baxter paper worth the cost? Do we really want all those expensive comics? Do we want comics that last forever at all? You can comment on anything in CW, but I don't have room to run any LONG letters, so a paragraph or two. -Clay Geerdes



Virgil Partch

CASTAIC, Los Angeles County (AP) - Cartoonist Virgil Partch, whose work appeared in the New Yorker.

he Saturday Evening Post and in the comic strip "Big George," died in an auto accident along with his wife Helen, the California Highway Patrol said yesterday.

Mr. Partch, 67, and his wife died in the accident Friday on Interstate 5 north of Los Angeles. The couple lived in Laguna Beach.

Mr. Partch created the "Big George" strip and also did cartoons for the New Yorker, Saturday Evening Post, This Week, Esquire and True magazines, signing his work "Vip."

His work was characterized by people in weird situations. One of his single-panel cartoons for True magazine showed a totally soaked man under an umbrella walking down a street on a sunny day, with rain occurring only under the umbrella.

The CHP report on the accident said Partch was a passenger in the car driven by his 64-year-old wife, when it collided with a trailer being pulled by a slower-moving pickup truck, also traveling northbound about 1:40 p.m.

One early example of his work appeared during World War II, just after servicemen were granted the right to vote. It depicted military men lined up before a desk bearing a register-to-vote sign, and the man behind the table was telling the first in line: "Colonel, I don't care if you've flown 42 missions. You've got to be 21 to vote."

Mr. Partch was born at St. Paul Island, Alaska, and the couple was married in 1938. They had three children.

Remember The Hippies?

THE HAIGHT-ASHBURY: A History
By Charles Perry
Random House/Rolling Stone Press; \$16.95

REVIEWED BY PAUL KRASSNER

When Time magazine decided to do a cover story on hippies in 1967, a telegram to their San Francisco bureau instructed researchers to "go at the description and delineation of the sub-culture as if you were studying the Samoans or the Trobriand Islanders." In the underground press, the Gossiping Guru's prediction in the Oracle was fulfilled when the Gray Line Bus Company instituted their Hippie-Hop, advertising it as "the only foreign tour within the continental limits of the United States," piloted by a driver "especially trained in the sociological significance of the Haight."

Now at last we have a chronological account of this period in which occurred an evolutionary jump in con-



See Page 11.

SLEAZA: THE JUNGLE QUIM. If there is any part of Tanya Roberts we haven't seen, well...in the latest film about Sheena, the jungle queen invented circa 1937 by Iger and Eisner, we are treated with a lot of bad acting, terrible dialogue, inherent racism, and total sexploitation. I love the hypesheet on this one that tells me there is no sexploitation and it's a film for the whole family, because this is one of the most blatant sex films I've seen this year. Everytime Sheena moves, the camera watches her tits or her ass, and that's sexploitation, guys, since that camera angle is carefully chosen and can be shifted at a director's whim. Call this my first PG rated beaver movie (and to those who have doubts, just see the film and count the times Sheena climbs up a cliff and the camera watches lingeringly from just below her buns or just a bit east of her nipples). Not that I mind. No prude, me, but I do think this film should be honest about the whole thing (It's in the same category as the old fifties classic, THE IMMORAL MR. TEAS.) and it isn't. It follows the basic cheesecake orientation of the early Sheena stories in JUMBO COMICS and SHEENA, but there are a lot of changes, usually for the worse. Here is Sheena in the jungle on her turf and she asks the newsguy, Vic Casey, what to do? What would she ask him for? Sheena, like Wonder Woman, always rescued her mate, who played a supporting role; but Vic rescues himself. We get lots of footage of jeeps riding through the jungle and Sheena riding in the salt flats on her horse (in Zebra drag) and a gang of black characters that are more cardboard than they were in the early Tarzan movies. Indeed, this film makes blacks look terrible. The lead black murders his own brother in order to become King and participate in a rip-off of the "healing earth." He's supposed to be educated, yet his motives are nothing but greed and lust for the white blonde savage. His woman friend is jealous so what does she do but kidnap Sheena and try to throw her out of a helicopter into a waterfall. C'mon. Maybe a little hair-pulling or eye-gouging, but murder? Is that how black people are? So dumb that they don't even protect their scene until a white woman tells them how to do it? This crap in 1984? It was a lot of horseshit when they used to put it in the Weismuller Tarzans; today, in what is supposed to be an age of enlightenment, it is simply disgusting. A throwback to the worse of jingo Kipling. On a sexual level, this is PORKY'S IN THE JUNGLE. Voyeurs will dig it. C.G.

FAR OUT! GROOVY! UPTIGHT!
FREE FRAME OF REFERENCE UNDERGROUND
JANIS JIM DYLAN

HAIGHT-ASHBURY

Continued from Page 1

sciousness, a spiritual revolution that was treated like a temporary fad. While "The Haight-Ashbury: A History" by Charles Perry is merely the tip of a counter-cultural iceberg, here you can:

Step right up, ladies and gentlemen! Read all about the Light Show of Human Auras! Attend the funeral for the carcasses of flowers that died in the hallway! Participate with the Psychedelic Rangers and paint fireplugs in the middle of the night! Join the Happening House magicians in their reincarnation of Sufi Sam as a eucalyptus tree! Witness the Tibetan prayer wheel fly off and hit a spectator! Watch the paradoxical burglary of the Free Store! Experience the thrill of shredding toilet paper under a strobe light!

Yes, folks, hop right on this veritable assembly line of sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll and discover a nude wade-in; a \$10 ceiling price for an ounce of marijuana; cunnilingus being performed upon the altar at Glide Church; Augustus Owsley Stanley III selling LSD in blue-tinted liquid form transported in Wisk detergent bottles with a bag of dirty laundry; The Beatles' lyrics in "Tomorrow Never Knows" quoting from Tim Leary's "The Psychedelic Experience."

It was a time the board of supervisors allowed bottomless dancing in North Beach while the district attorney prosecuted Lenore Kandel's "The Love Book" for obscenity; authorities at the San Mateo County Sheriff's Honor Camp refused to let Ken Kesey donate blood because he dropped acid on previous occasions; the Straight Theater announced "Professional dance lessons — 5 hours for only \$2.50. Instructors include Jerome Garcia ..." because a dance hall needed a permit and a dance school didn't.

By weaving local and international conflicts into his mosaic, Perry reveals the growing awareness that culture and politics were inextricably entwined. There were linear connections of repression, he writes, from police pressuring the Drugstore Cafe to change its name to Droystore, to the banning of Bob Dylan's "Rainy Day Women" ("Everybody must get stoned"), to then-Governor Reagan urging sharp escalation of the war in Vietnam.

And yet it was San Francisco Police Chief Thomas Cahill, who inadvertently named the new community by asking, "You're sort of the Love Generation, aren't you?" Moreover, Monterey Police Chief Frank Marinello declared that "the hippies are my friends, and I am asking one of them to take me to the Haight-Ashbury."

If chronology is a virtue of Perry's book, it is simultaneously a vice, for we're left with a question: "Where's the drama?" Thus, on page 213, this entry: "June 25. A party of old-time Diggers left for the SDS convention in Denton, Michigan." And, on page 215: "The Digger heavies came back from Michigan." But nothing in between about a confrontation. No description of Emmett Grogan tossing over a table in a fit of frustration.

Nor is there any guarantee of accuracy. For example, Grogan is credited with organizing a Greenwich Village sweep-in, when in reality it was on the Lower East Side and organized by Bob Fass, who hosted an all-night free-form radio program on WBAL. Perry writes: "April 29. In Berkeley, the Mime Troupe and the Cleanliness and Godliness Skiffle Band performed at a dance benefiting Country Joe and the Fish, who suspected they couldn't make a living because the San Francisco dance halls were snubbing them for being from Berkeley." And: "May 11. Country Joe and the Fish celebrated their first album on Vanguard Records with a free party at the Fillmore. Five kilos' worth of joints were distributed." However, according to Country Joe McDonald, "Cleanliness and Godliness" didn't even exist till after Vanguard, and they never did a benefit for us."

Perry also writes: "Another band that didn't sign (film rights for the Monterey Pop Festival) was Country Joe and the Fish. The reason, for at least a couple of them, was simple: STP. They were filmed, anyway." McDonald calls that "just ridiculous and silly. The use of STP was totally unrelated to the contract. What's the name of this book?"

"The Haight-Ashbury: A History."

"Well, it's an almost history."

Sort of like almost homemade cookies. But after all, that was a prime message of the '60s. Don't believe anything you haven't experienced yourself — and, even then, you can't be sure.

Paul Krassner was editor of "The Realist" from 1958 to 1974, and is preparing to publish it again.

TAKE A BREAK FROM IT ALL ~ WITH CLAY GEERDES' COMIX WAVE



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I just got a comp ticket to a movie. Came in the mail this morning. I don't get many of those these days, because I'm not reviewing movies, so I have to assume bodies are needed to fill out the audience and make it look good for the people who did the film. In the theater, this is known as papering the house. Well, I'll probably drive over to San Francisco and watch this sci-fi-western turkey; after all, it's not something I'd pay to see; well, maybe on a double-bill at a bargain matinee, but at evening rates? The movie will be at the Galaxy, a glass fourplex on Van Ness Avenue. I used to visit that neighborhood from time to time when Jim Osborne was managing the Richelieu, a hotel-basement theater that went in for art movies. I'd stand around the candy counter watching Jim dot those dots in those panels for VELVET VICE that he later gave to ARCADE. He was a careful, meticulous artist, Jim, too slow for comics; you have to be fast for the medium. That's just the way it is. Those who survive in comics learn to draw fast and to enlist assistants so they can turn out more product. Down on Larkin, a few blocks from the Richelieu Hotel, is THE MAGAZINE, a unique little store that carries all kinds of collector's stuff from old COLLIER'S to WINKS and SMOKEHOUSE MONTHLIES, the kind of stuff you never heard of if you're under 40. Trent's cornered the old mag market. I have to smile when I see the prices on those old movie mags. Back in '66, I went into In Gear on Haight Street and bought four or five movie mags from 1927-34 for a dime apiece; there was no collector's scam then. The stuff that sold in the second hand stores on Haight is now going for prices only the rich can afford. Ah, well, such is greed. Oh, I'm not blaming Trent; he's a nice guy, most dealers are; it's just the nature of things that all the good old stuff gets priced into the hands of the rich while ordinary folks get left out. Hey, HAROLD HEDD 3 is finally out. It only took close to eight years. It's called #1, and I've read it all long ago in Spanish in EL VIBORA, but it's nice to see it

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all together. Nice color. \$2. Most of it is dated as hell, have to say that, I mean there are a lot of kids around now who never heard of Kojak and wouldn't know Telly Savalas if they saw him spare-changing in a Telegraph Avenue dogway. The plot is a complete cliché as well. Hitler's Cocaine. Well, shades of "Wings over Tiajuana." I guess the dopers and the high school kids dig that sort of story, but you have to smile when you see the book labelled "mature readers." A mature comic, it ain't. A second-hand Freak Brothers story, it is. Quickie art, too. What made those early Harold Hedd pages in the Georgia Straight so much fun was the eyeball kicks, things like a Picasso perfectly copied and hanging on Hedd's wall. Now the walls are bare. My point is that a search for some lost dope is just not an interesting or particularly useful life motivator. Interesting, too, that Elmo is the main character. Harold Hedd has switched places with him, become his foil. Elmo used to be comic relief like Fat Freddy (who always reminded me most of Smiley Burnette in the 1940's Gene Autry Westerns), now he's the star, so why not call the comic ELMO. Weird to see Hedd playing straight man to Elmo, but it tells me something; Holmes is staying away from the material, just doing it, not really being into the trip. It's sitcom t-v. Even the sex is cleaned up, presumably so the audience will be wider. Well, this funnybook is guaranteed not to offend anybody (and wasn't the whole idea of underground comix to offend those who needed offending, to cut down to the quick, to unrepress, to get it all out, to take on all the gods and all the taboos, to reject hypocrisy--it wasn't; well, gee, I thought...), so you can buy a copy and send it to your Mom and Dad for Christmas. Artistically, it's not primo Holmes. A few nice panels and a nice cover, but mostly quick inks. I guess what I miss in it is the feeling I get when I know an artist loved what he was drawing; that feeling comes through the early Holmes work, but is completely missing from this new Hedd.

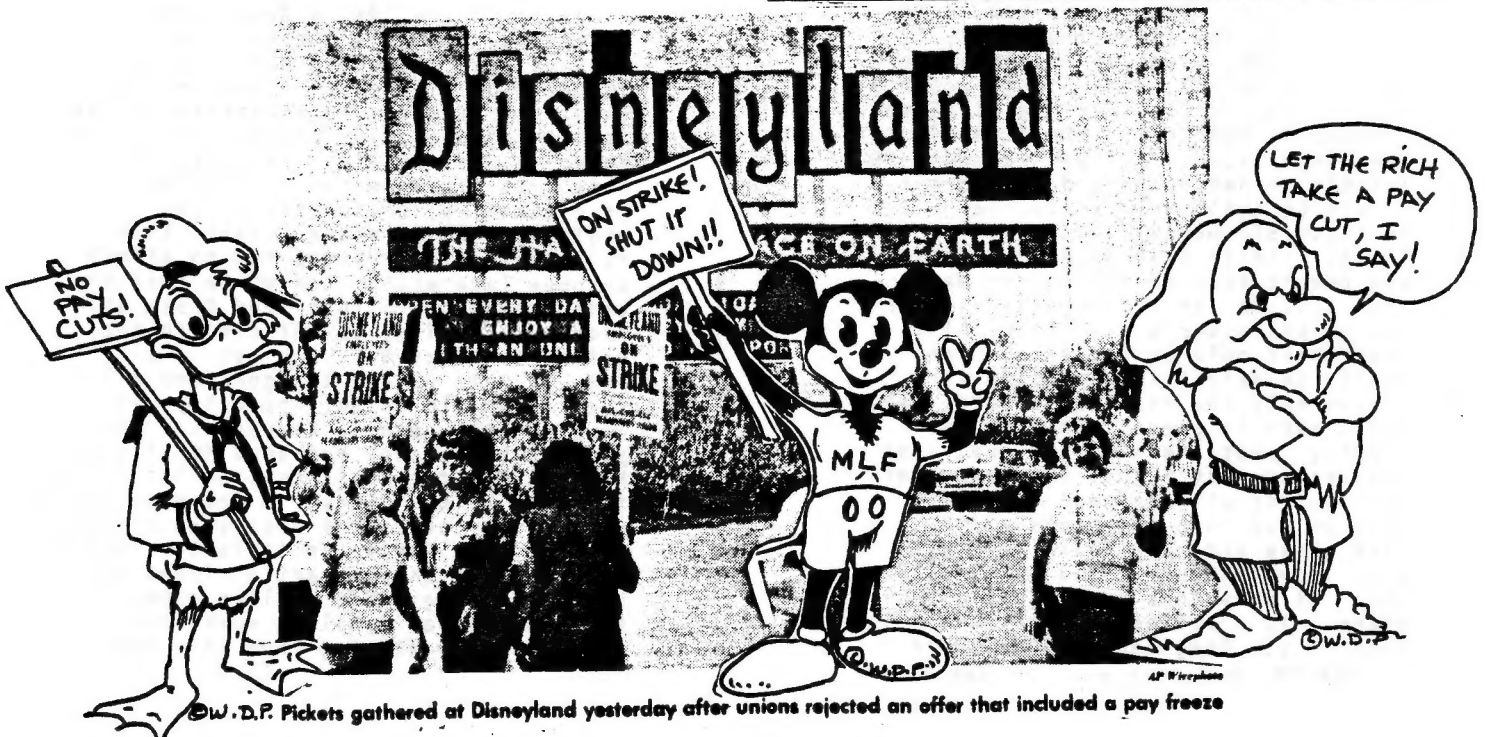
-C. G.

Doonesbury

DISNEYLAND employees went on strike in September, so the COMIX WAVERS thought it only appropriate to interview some of the characters on the picket line to see what the main beefs were. We talked to Donald Duck: "Well," he said, "I've been with the company since 1934. By '35, I was playin' second fiddle to a mouse bigger than I was--Haha! You show me a mouse bigger'n a duck and I'll eat that sucker for breakfast. By the forties I was pretty big, doing frustration comedy mostly, the kind of thing Pete Smith was doing live. It was a living. I even had a girl friend, Daisy, in the strip, though she was kind of blah, not much more than me in a dress with a bow on top of my head. Don't ask where the nephews came from. The only time I can recall that me or any of the other characters got it on was in those AIR PIRATES FUNNIES Dan O'Neill and his gang did in the early 1970's. All the sex in Disney was in stuff like WATER BABIES and FANTASIA. Walt liked those little butts, and Hedda Hopper said in her book, THE WHOLE TRUTH AND NOTHING BUT, that he had some nudes on the walls of his secret pad in the fire station at Disneyland. The whole town was built about 5/8 scale back in the early 1950's and was pretty much a replica of the small town Walt grew up in back in Kansas. Like Richard Schickel said in THE DISNEY VERSION, Walt was the only guy ever to recreate and live in his own childhood." SNOW WHITE was sitting near the fountain just outside the Sleeping Beauty's castle in a little cloud of smog and, when we approached with our microphones, she invited us over to her pad to meet the Prince and chat. It was hard to talk to her though; she kept dusting this and that, scrubbing the floor, singing little inane songs about wishing wells, and it was a truly weird pad with little grinning animals popping up out of the toaster and teapot all the time then zipping back out of sight; all the activity made us a little dizzy. SNOW said she worked for the Brothers Grimm before coming to Disney. Her original name was SCHNEEWITCHEN and the Dwarfs she hid out with in the forest didn't have any names. "Walt did all that for us. He gave us new clothes, airbrushed away all the warts and zits and everything, made all the little birds and animals love us. He was wonderful!" I had a few more questions for Snow, but she said the Prince was coming soon, so we split. C.G.



And speaking of the Sleeping Beauty, didn't you love the way mock hero BUCKAROO BANZAI awakened Penny with that static electric kiss? It was BB showing in that Glass Theatre and we went. Good aliens. Lots of great gimmicks. Junky sets that will remind you of your own room B.M. (before Mom). Best mad scientist since Sivana. Back on the street, we went by the newly opened HARD ROCK CAFE on Sacramento and Van Ness. Big line outside. It's an old automobile showroom revamped. Van Ness is quickly becoming more entertainment oriented as the old chassis castles throw in the cham-oi. Stopped in to the Hippo (they have a parking lot.), and the walls have been repainted. Hippo was one of my hangouts in the late 50s Monkey Bar days. **BUY SOME MINICOMIX! SUPPORT THE NEWAVE. Keep drawing. Tell your friends to subscribe to the newsletter and get in on everything. Keep me posted. Keep the letters short, because I get so many & have only so much time. Let's have some panels predicting what 1985 will be like. Plugs in the newsletters are two copies of whatever you are doing. Someone asked me why 2 copies, because a plug is an ad and ads ain't free.



Disneyland pickets gathered at Disneyland yesterday after unions rejected an offer that included a pay freeze



COMIX WAVE 21 © December, 1984. © Clay Geerdes, Box 7081, Berkeley, CA 94707. All Rights Reserved. Logo: David Miller. Subs: \$11 for 48. I'm busy on a book project this Fall, so have to mail several issues together and take a couple of months off. Have a nice holiday(s)! C.G.

I was in the Comic Store waiting for Dave Sim who was half an hour late and some of the staff mentioned that I was cynical, even snide, in my columns. Di Schutz said, "All realists are cynical." Hmmm. The original Cynics, the Greeks, held that virtue was the only good and that its essence lay in self-control and independence. Today, however, the term is usually associated with one who continually finds fault, usually through adherence to the old axiom that human conduct is motivated mainly by self-interest. A cynic is one who is more than a teeny bit distrustful of optimism, particularly when there is a profit involved. Well, whatever the original meanings and connotations of the term, I feel a bit uneasy with the label of cynic. I am more of a skeptic than a cynic, meaning I have more of a systematic doubt about beliefs, attitudes, politics, posteurs, public figures, comixstars than a truly negative attitude toward them. Ultimately I would prefer to be judged more by what I do than by what I say because I am prone to be many different people and viewpoints in my public writing, none of which is necessarily me. I am often critical of comic collectors and their idiosyncracies, and, since I am one, there is always a great deal of self-parody involved. I am more frequently critical of the excesses of media, print and electronic, because that is what I am involved with more of my working hours. I watch t-v a lot while I am studying or writing and when I see something corrupt, stupid, or flagrantly disgusting, I say so in one of my columns. I am a fan, critical of my own fannish behavior, mainly because I am older now and have the advantage over the younger fan in that I can reflect upon some of the things I did in the past, the absurd, perhaps, clarifying itself through repetition. In 1957, I went to see Elvis Presley in concert at the San Francisco Civic Auditorium. I stood in line for hours, sat on the balcony far enough away so that he appeared to be a tiny dot of red, and endured almost two hours of solid screaming. I didn't hear a single word he sang, not one. From the moment he came onstage, the girls started screaming, and

they were still screaming and crying hysterically after he had long been slipped out a side door and into his limo and back to the hotel. I walked out, actually, I was pushed and shoved out into the street by the same people, all of them thinking they would somehow find Elvis standing around in the street just waiting to sign their t-shirts (one of his trips was to sign his name on a girl's chest with her lipstick). That experience left my ears numb for the rest of the day. Well, today I don't go to concerts and pay for the privilege of watching a lot of teenage girls scream themselves to orgasm over Iggy Pop or Bruce Springsteen or Michael Jackson. If I like the music, I buy an album and listen to it in the comfort of my living room. So if I am "cynical" about those who will camp out for two days to get tickets to something they may not even get close enough to see, about folks who will pay \$30 dollars to be part of a screaming herd, well, color me cynical. Where comics are concerned, age puts a bit of a damper on collecting. I see the old folks sitting in front of their collections year after year at the conventions and it begins to look more and more like me sitting there and is that how I want to spend my final years? When I was eight and collecting ACTION and SUPERMAN, I expected to live forever. Someday I would have all the issues of every title. That was cute, huh? There were 46 million comic books published in 1946. How could I have ever realized my daydream of having all of the titles? I couldn't, but fantasies are untroubled at the age of eight, which fade out in later life. Someone said I was jaded and that's fairly accurate. I can accept that. It's one of the reasons why I rarely write anything about the current runs of straight comics. I know all of the formulae and I know the business quite well. I know what is being done and why it is being done, just as I know why other things are not being done.

But think about this for a minute. Cynicism or the pose of cynic-as-critic did not stimulate me to keep COMIX WAVE and COMIX WORLD going all these years. It was my love of comics and cartooning that did that; it was also my basic interest in people who enjoy the form.

- Clay Geerdes
1984



BRAIN WASH

When you analyze advertisements to check out how your brain is being washed these days, you have to remember that there are not only sublims and embeds which are deliberately built into the component parts of the ad, but accidental sublims as well. A deliberate sublim is designed to associate the product with something deep in your psyche, some need you may not even be aware of, some sexual kink in your character, even a death wish or a funeral fantasy. Sublims may be visual, hidden in the design of the ad, or they may be aural, tagged onto the end of a spoken commercial but at a sound speed the ear doesn't register. The whole idea of a sublim or an embed is to sell you something, a product or an idea, without your awareness that you are being sold. Subliminal advertising is corrupt and unethical and widely practiced by most of the major corporations. T-V spots are put together with all the care of a surgeon performing a heart transplant. Every detail, every image is carefully analyzed. If the predominant concept is oral sex and status tricking as it is in the soft drink ads, then the sexual act is broken down into a series of components, each of which is then organized and filmed. The process is easy to analyze if you have a VCP. Just record the ad and run it in slow motion. The beautiful girl you'll never get next to, the sucking lips on the straw, the sweat, all of it will become clear to you. If you want to get into the history of the development of the various psychological techniques which were assimilated into advertising after World War 2, read Sigmund Freud's INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS (1899). You'll find Jung's MODERN MAN IN SEARCH OF A SOUL useful for it's discussion of primitive magic and fetishism, and perhaps the best book on the subject of sublims in advertising is Wilson Brian Key's SUBLIMINAL PERSUASION.

THE BABYFAT T-SHIRT. Shall I do it? If at least 20 of you order one for \$12, I'll have a few dozen done in color. What I will do is keep your check and wait awhile. If I get enough, I'll do them and send you a shirt; if not, I'll return your check. I'll have Medium and Large. Make a nice Xmas gift. FREE SPEECH MOVEMENT: This October was the 20th Anniversary of the FSM at UC Berkeley and all the old timers were on hand to speak and participate. Mario Savio gave the keynote speech in a noon rally at Sproul Plaza on Tuesday, Oct 2. If you're into that aspect of the movement, I've got a few papers you can get for your collection: an EXPRESS and a DAILY CAL. \$2.50 will cover postage and handling.* ITCHY SCALY 3 is \$2 pp from Brad Johnson, Skyway Hotel, Rm 10, 438 Broadway St., S. F. CALIF 94133.* THE TELEGRAPH WIRE editorial address is now 69 Carnation Road, Levittown, N Y 11756.*



Mario Savio



Gary Larson

THE END OF 1984 and it wasn't all it was hyped to be, huh? WEIRDO 11 out with a new Crumb cover and his interpretation of the three bears. Fans of Reid Fleming will be happy with HEARTBREAK COMICS; this is the rest of Boswell from the GEORGIA STRAIGHT. Nice stuff. \$2.50 from your dealer.* Chromazone sent me KROMALAFFING, a nice folio comic. No price. Write to 408 Queen Street West #16, Toronto, M5N 2A7 for info.* EPIC 27- new Cobalt-60 material done by Mark Bode and Larry Todd.* OUTSIDE IN 17, 50/stamp from Michael Dowers, 3615 Phinney N, Seattle, WA 98103.* ORIGINAL COMICS 2 is 50C/stamp from ORIGINAL PUBS, 233 Heather Highlands, Inkerman, PA 18640.* Ug papers are gone, but the comix are still in circulation. ZAP 1 has been in print for 14 years now, longer than any other comic book in the history of the medium. Congrats to Crumb. I know a lot of people are still reading the ZAPS even though few are talking about them.* This is the final mailing of '84, guys. Expect more stuff in January of '85. Keep drawing and writing and doing it. STONER MAN 11 is out (50'st from me) and we're working on a new issue of COMIX WAVE MAGAZINE. C.G.